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The Week

THE British Tory government acted as it was expected to act at the recent Geneva meeting of the Council of the League. It refused its consent to the Protocol and alleged as a sufficient reason for the refusal a number of misgivings which were provoked chiefly by the military and economic sanctions. As a consequence the Protocol is returned to the Assembly of the League to be discussed and probably revised at its meeting next fall. It must not be inferred, however, that the defeat of the Protocol in its existing form is equivalent to the defeat of the idea of promoting world pacification by means of the outlawry of war. It was not the proposal to deny the protection of international law to the aggressively war-like nations to which the British government objected. It was afraid rather of the attempt to agree in advance on the penalties which the outlawed nations would incur. The problem will be discussed next fall at Geneva in the light of objections raised by the British government, and in all probability the Assembly will submit a proposed new agreement to the members of the League. The smaller European peoples are acutely apprehensive of the fate which will befall them if a new European war is allowed to occur and they will persist in the attempt to find some peace formula the terms of which the larger powers can agree on or be forced into accepting.

BETWEEN now and next fall, however, France, Great Britain, Germany and perhaps some of the smaller powers will be engaged in an equally significant attempt to negotiate a treaty whereby they will jointly guarantee the inviolability of one another's boundaries. The defeat of the Protocol has rendered the signature of such a treaty more than ever desirable if Europe is to obtain any relief from the increasing certainty that under existing arrangements it is drifting towards another general war. The prospects of success in reaching the desired agreement are not, however, very encouraging. The chief obstacles are the unwillingness of the French and the Poles to modify in any respect the stranglehold on Germany which they have obtained under the provisions of the Treaty of Versailles. A treaty of mutual guarantee which did nothing to assure to Germany the evacuation of the Rhineland and a tolerable eastern frontier would be no more satisfactory than the Treaty of Versailles as a permanent instrument of European peace. Sooner or later, if there is to be any assurance of peace in Europe, France will have to satisfy the German demand for the right to live in independence and self-respect; and there will be no peace until the necessity of providing security and fair treatment for a disarmed Germany is recognized as one of the major problems of European statesmanship.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE has again intimated his intention of calling a second Washington conference chiefly to consider further naval disarmament. But whether or not he actually carries out his intention will probably depend upon the vicissitudes during the spring and early summer of European politics. There can be no doubt of the real need of supplementing the work which the first Washington conference accomplished by further agreements to limit the construction of cruisers, submarines and

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airplanes, but there can be no doubt also that it will be much more difficult to reach a second than it was the first agreement. The need of economy is not as imperative now as it was four years ago, and the types of vessels whose construction it is proposed to limit, such as cruisers, submarines and the like, are of great military importance to a power like France whose policy is now dominated by military considerations. Great Britain is, consequently, the only country which seems to welcome the idea of another conference, and if the President calls it, undeterred by the conflict between French and British policy which will probably still prevail, it will almost certainly fail. The American government would not be as well prepared to overcome opposition as it was four years ago. It might be sufficiently prepared if it was willing to throw its economic power into the balance. But there is no indication that Mr. Coolidge is willing or ready to use this weapon; nor is it obvious as yet how far its use is desirable.

THE death of Sun Yat-sen removes a figure about whose place in history writers on the East will long dispute, but they will not deny him a place. It was his vision, his power to enkindle men's enthusiasm and his driving force that made of China a republic. The republic may have been premature, considering the political backwardness of the country, and it may have been a failure—undoubtedly it has been—but that it came about at all is one of the landmarks of twentieth century history. More than any other single political event, it has served to produce that ferment of change in the East which is one of the conspicuous and vital facts of our time. The mistakes of Sun Yat-sen's last years, his persistent insurrectionism and his alliances with the worst militaristic elements in the country, which have lost him so much of his popularity and prestige at home and abroad, will be forgotten with the passage of time. His larger accomplishment will remain and stand out. No account of modern China and therefore of the East in our times will ever be written that does not include his name and his contribution. And his death in the agony of the worst form of cancer at the very moment when he had at last compelled the military masters of the country to recognize his power and summon him to Peking for reorganization of the government will lend a touch of tragedy to the chapter. He fought for years to get to Peking. He got there in time to take to his deathbed.

HIS death will not be without an immediate influence on the political situation in China. He had clung to the end to the title of President of the Republic of South China, which claimed the right to recognition as the lawful government of the Republic, and for years he had been undisputed leader of the Kuomintang, the party of extreme radicals. Most of the advanced intellectuals had remained loyal to him to the end. But his party has been based on a personality more than on a principle. As nothing but loyalty to Doctor Sun personally could have bound them in unity through increasing adversity, so his passing will mean their breaking away. In consequence, it may be expected that the southern government, little as it has amounted to in reality, will quietly but effectively disintegrate. One cause of disunity in China will disappear. This does not mean that unification of the country will necessarily follow, but only that the sharp division of North and South, since the revolution in 1911, will be blurred. Sectionalism will become less important; and sectionalism has confused deeper issues, with unfortunate results, since the overthrow of the monarchy.

BRITISH labor is showing once more that labor's long struggle oscillates between emphasis on political action and emphasis on economic action. The Labor party has lost its domination of Parliament, but the most powerful of the trade unions are advancing against their employers. Important wage demands are being made by miners, railwaymen, metal trades unions and others, and great strikes are looming, which, if they occur, will add a momentous chapter to industrial history. The demands are reasonable enough in the light of the needs and deserts of the employes; the employers are justifying their resistance by the plea that if Great Britain is to be prosperous she must increase her export trade, and that higher wage costs would endanger her competitive position. The answer of labor is, of course, the "economy of high wages" and the argument that an increase of domestic purchasing power by wage increases would reduce the need for foreign markets. Whether the unions win or not, we expect the net result to be an advance toward the ultimate goals of labor. At present labor is forcing the pace and placing the responsibility for meeting popular needs on the ruling classes; when these classes have failed to meet these needs by a margin wide enough to cause general discontent, labor will again be forced to assume political responsibility and to undertake more efficient economic organization.

THE first reverberations of the battle between Senator Couzens's committee and the Internal Revenue Bureau indicate that plenty of doubtful tax rebates can be unearthed. Isolated cases even of dishonesty or favoritism on the part of Treasury officials may be found; but we are inclined to believe that most of the adjustments open to question were the result of the inevitable confusion incident to administration of a new tax law through numerous governmental subordinates, many of whom were imperfectly equipped to cope with the expensive lawyers and accountants mustered by the corporations or individuals concerned. Which of us laymen is competent to judge precisely how much, if any, rebate "Agwi" should have received, or whether

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Senator Couzens himself paid a high enough tax on his sale of Ford stock? We do expect, however, that as a by-product of the investigation evidence may be turned out which will make ridiculous some of Secretary Mellon's general theories of taxation —such as those having to do with tax exempt securities or the unproductivity of high surtaxes. All in all, the investigation should dramatize the lack of confidence which must be felt by the average citizen in a Secretary of the Treasury who, though honest, has all the interests and prejudices of great wealth.

THE last vestige of George Gould's dream of a transcontinental railway system has just passed with the sale of the control of the "cotton belt line" by the Gould interests. It was a romantic story—this fortune piled up by a peddler, passed on to a son trained "practically" in Wall Street to administer it, used by him in an attempt to link Atlantic and Pacific by rail, and so to challenge giants such as Harriman, Rockefeller and Morgan, dwindling under mismanagement and defeat, and finally dissipated by the most expensive legal proceedings in history, in the course of a quarrel by members of the third generation. Railroads have been regarded not as means of livelihood for those who work on them and transportation for those who use them, but as stakes in the play for wealth and power among a few financiers. That the traditions and evil results of this age have not wholly passed is seen in the recent melon of $27,000,000 cut by the Western Pacific—one of the last links in the Gould chain. This melon was not earned, but was extorted from minority stockholders by the financial trickery which resulted in a forced sale of the Denver and Rio Grande at far below its true value to the Western Pacific, its former subsidiary. It is wholesome to have reminders such as this when the public is all but drowned in a flood of propaganda about the holy ideals of privately controlled railroads.

WHILE the Supreme Court, in its recent decision in the Pennsylvania Shop Crafts case, found that Congress provided only the "sanction of publication and public opinion" for disobedience of decisions of the Railroad Labor Board, its opinion was outspoken as to the Pennsylvania Railroad's contumacy. Speaking through Chief Justice Taft, the unanimous Supreme Court said:

> The Pennsylvania Company is using every endeavor to avoid compliance with the judgment and principles of the Labor Board as to the proper method of securing representatives of the whole body of its employees; it is seeking to control its employees by agreements free from the influence of an independent trade union; it is, so far as its dealings with its employees go, refusing to comply with the decisions of the Labor Board and is thus defeating the purpose of Congress.

And General Atterbury rivals General Dawes in the depth of his devotion to "law and order"!

IN a recent issue of Current Affairs, which is the weekly organ of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, more than thirty prominent manufacturers signed a statement questioning the desirability of the use of private detectives by employers for the ostensible purpose of improving their relations with their employes. They ask whether the practice actually tends to remove or create friction. Does not the presence of labor spies induce distrust which once kindled endures for years? Does the typical New England employer really need the help of these under-cover men? Has not the time come for the abandonment of the policy of attempting to discover and control the state of mind of the wage-earner by paying spies to watch his unguarded performances? These thirty employers think that it has and they are starting out to convert their fellow employers to the same opinion. We trust that they succeed, and it is a most encouraging fact that they should try. The labor spy is the most inexcusable and pernicious expedient which employers have used to discover and suppress discontent among their employes. In so far as he forms part of their information service, they do not deserve to be regarded by their employes with anything but bitterness, misunderstanding and resistance.

MORE than ten thousand criminal delinquents examined to date by the National Committee for Mental Hygiene have been found to be mentally diseased, feebleminded, or otherwise mentally abnormal. In a study of 608 admissions to Sing Sing prison 66.8 percent were found to be recidivists or repeaters. Such statistics as have been gathered have lead the Committee to the conclusion that if society hopes to achieve anything in its struggle with crime it must learn to deal with the psychopathic repeater, and with "the vitally important mental and emotional factors that cannot be ignored in any attempt to understand the behavior of these offenders." It must learn to "prescribe adequate rehabilitative measures." To come to such a conclusion is relatively easy. Many who have not had the advantage of statistical education have held that view for some time. But the difficulty is not with the prescription but in getting it filled. Only a very few criminals would ever get to jail from a life of relative ease, affluence, and security. Let us then rule that no citizen shall be permitted to live below this standard, or, to adopt Bernard Shaw's rule, that the first crime shall be poverty. It only remains for the Committee for Mental Hygiene to recommend the means for putting our preventive and rehabilitative measure into effect.

WE are pleased to see that the National Civic Federation is engaging in another "non-partisan" effort to impress people with the duty of voting and so to lure out of their retirement the coy 50 percent or more of citizens who decline to go to the polls.

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This is a worthy object. It will bring forth contributions to pay the salaries of the professional patriots who form the permanent staff of the Federation; it will help to keep them out of such mischief as witch-hunting among their fellow citizens who do not accept at face value every conservative assumption, and it will be almost wholly ineffective. People in general will not vote because the Department of Political Action of the National Civic Federation tells them it is their duty to do so. They will vote only when politics affects their imaginations or interests enough to make casting a ballot seem as important as going fishing.

REPORTS of federal income tax collectors tell us that many persons of small or moderate means have failed to realize that rates have been lowered, exemption increased, and an additional reduction of 25 percent provided for "earned income" up to $10,000. This may indicate that many did not follow politics closely enough to realize that the failure of the "Mellon plan" did not mean failure to decrease income taxes but rather led to a larger decrease in the lower brackets than Mellon intended. Republican organs of publicity doubtless succeeded to a large extent in identifying the Mellon plan with tax reduction, no matter what the size of the income concerned. Democratic and Progressive attempts to distinguish between large and small incomes may have counted on too much popular intelligence—or attention. If this is so, the Republicans will be in for an unpleasant surprise in 1926 when, after the passage of a true "Mellon" reduction, the small tax-payer finds his burden lightened little if at all.

IN announcing the release of Anton Karachun the New York Sunday Times has inadvertently remarked that he is the last of the "politicals." Unfortunately that is by no means the case. Karachun, a Russian alien, court-marshalled and imprisoned for deserting from the American Siberian expeditionary force to join his countrymen, is the last military political prisoner to be released from custody. But the case of civilians convicted of purely political crimes, especially of opinion, and membership in presumably illegal organizations, is quite different. To be sure, the federal slate was cleared by the cat-and-mouse release of the I. W. W.'s convicted under federal law during the War. But state action against "criminal syndicalists" continues. There are thirty-three states today in which criminal syndicalism laws remain active, invocable in any industrial crisis. In California, the worst offender, the Supreme Court of the state only recently upheld the act under which twenty-six men were arrested in 1923 during the San Pedro strike, convicted and sent to the penitentiary upon no other charge or evidence but membership in the I. W. W. Perhaps political imprisonment, like child labor, is the privilege of states.

A COMMITTEE of the Board of Overseers of Harvard University has recommended that a million dollars be raised for the building of a university chapel. There is every likelihood that the suggestion will be followed. In its provision for the religious life of its students Harvard has "fallen behind." That is, it has fallen behind what is required not so much by the actual needs of the student community as by the American tradition. The early American college was a seminary that grouped itself around the college chapel much as the New England town was gathered about the town meeting house. In the university which has succeeded the college no more does the life of the student community centre in the chapel than does that of the modern metropolis in whatever churches may be located within its borders. This is not to say that either students or townspeople are irreligious, but only that there has been a separation of church and state, and of church and university. In his provision, some years ago, for the cathedral which the University of Chicago is now building, John D. Rockefeller specified that it was to occupy an architectural position central and commanding, just as religion is central to the life of the university. The truth is that religion neither is nor ought to be the centre of a university. Like the old Baptist meeting house in Providence, these cathedrals are "for the worship of God and to hold commencements in," but principally the latter.

Coolidge and the Republican Party

THE quarrel between the President and the Senate over the latter's refusal to confirm the nomination of Charles B. Warren for the office of Attorney-General has revealed in the first days of the new administration the anarchy which prevails in American party organization and the inability of the Republican party to agree upon any important positive policy. Considering the recent record and the public attitude of official Republicanism, there was no reason why the President should not have appointed Mr. Warren and no sufficient reason why the Republican majority in the Senate should not have confirmed him. It is true that he was more of a business man than a lawyer, and it is true that he had been responsibly associated for many years with business interests which have apparently been engaged in defeating the purposes of the anti-trust law; but his record, while it justified the opposition to him of the Democrats and the outlawed progressives, did not furnish any sufficient excuse for the parade of similar scruples by regular Republicans. Mr. Coolidge has never disguised his own convictions that men of large affairs with the associations, the interests and the point of view of Mr.

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Warren are the kind of men to whom the government of the country should be entrusted. The voters elected him by a huge majority for the purpose of providing an administration which was dominated by the ideas and the interests of big business. If a millionaire with the prejudices and the narrow outlook of Mr. Mellon is supposed, according to the Republican creed, to be an ideal Secretary of the Treasury, Republicans surely are straining at the gnat when they object to the appointment as Attorney-General of a lawyer with the record and the affiliations of Mr. Warren.

Nevertheless enough Republican senators did object to prevent Mr. Warren's confirmation, and there can be no doubt about the seriousness of the quarrel in the Republican party which their insurrection has provoked. Mr. Coolidge has some reason to feel resentful at his treatment by his party associates. Since he succeeded to the Presidency he has pulled his party out of a desperate predicament and engineered a campaign which resulted in an overwhelming victory at the polls. His personality and program contributed substantially and perhaps decisively to the recent triumph. His fellow Republicans have acclaimed him as their unquestionable and entirely satisfactory leader, and the spokesmen of his party have either endorsed or refused to protest against the business man's government which he praised in his speeches as desirable for the welfare of the American people. Yet at the first opportunity a sufficient number of Republicans join with their party opponents in rejecting a nomination for the President's official family whose chief disqualification for the post was that in one decisive connection he represented too completely and conspicuously the ideas and practices of a government by business men. The rejection was, moreover, not only equivalent to a repudiation by a powerful Republican minority of a logical application of the chief article in the President's creed, but it was a severe blow to his personal prestige. Among the conventions of American politics there is one to the effect that the Senate should confirm any man whom the President desires as a member of the Cabinet unless the appointee is notoriously unfit. The last occasion on which the Senate refused to confirm occurred almost sixty years ago at a time when the Presidency was a much less powerful and responsible institution than it is now. If Mr. Coolidge had taken the rejection of Mr. Warren lying down, his leadership of his party would have terminated almost on the day that it had ostensibly begun.

The President was, consequently, obliged to fight. His party associates in the Senate had taken the first opportunity of serving an offensively plain and conspicuous notice upon him that his advertised intention of carrying on the government in the interests of big business would meet with stiff Republican opposition. If he was to have any chance of succeeding in carrying out his pledges, he could not avoid an open acceptance of the challenge. His first impulse was to accept it and to fight with all his resources and to the bitter end. He proposed to answer the second refusal to confirm with a recess appointment, and if the Senate again rejected his nominee, to wait until the Senate adjourned and again appoint as Attorney-General the ex-President of the Michigan Sugar Company. He has not stuck to this program. He has indeed yielded to the Senate and appointed a substitute for Mr. Warren, but he yielded against his will and will renew the contest at the first opportunity.

There are several different aspects to this quarrel which need to be carefully distinguished. The most obvious but not the most significant aspect concerns the moral right of the Senate to place obstacles in the way of the President in selecting his Cabinet officers. Constitutionally, of course, the Senate's discretion in the exercise of the confirming power is absolute, and it has used its discretion in order to obtain an undesirable control over the appointments to minor federal offices. But it has generally recognized the desirability of giving the President a free hand in the choosing of his Cabinet; and there is a great deal to be said in favor of the tradition to which the President appeals in his official statement as solemnly and confidently as if it were a part of the Constitution. In the case of Mr. Warren, however, Mr. Coolidge strained to the breaking point the obligation which his opponents might recognize to respect the tradition. It was certainly raw even for a self-confessed representative of business to appoint as Attorney-General a man who throughout his professional life had so steadily found himself at cross purposes with the anti-trust law. Mr. Warren may not have been legally disqualified for the office, but he assuredly escaped disqualification only by a narrow margin. Mr. Coolidge, if he had been well advised, would never have named Mr. Warren, or he should have withdrawn the appointment after being fully informed as to the grounds of the opposition. His proposed Attorney-General was not a good case on which to go to the mat. He could have appointed any one of a hundred eminent lawyers who were just as favorable to big business as Mr. Warren, but without the latter's peculiar drawbacks.

There is, however, another aspect of the matter which is not easy to clarify, but which is of greater importance. The existing contest is also a renewal of the quarrel of the winter of 1924 between the President and the Senate about what ought to be done with Secretaries Denby and Daugherty. At that time the majority of the Senate, almost irrespective of party, believed apparently that the President ought to have dismissed his erring secretaries more promptly and more sternly than he did. His persistent loyalty to Mr. Daugherty, long after that gentleman had been thoroughly exposed, may well

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have prompted some senators to inquire whether the Senate had not been too easy-going in allowing presidents to select their own Cabinet officers. Certainly the record in this respect of Mr. Coolidge's predecessor may well have seemed to many senators a sufficient reason for being more censorious. Both Fall and Daugherty were notoriously unfit appointments which a more scrupulous Senate might well have been reluctant to confirm. In any event the Senate is and has reason to be particularly solicitous about the kind of man who is named Attorney-General. He possesses enormous and increasing powers which to a large extent necessarily elude the supervision of his Chief. An unfit selection, like Mitchell, Palmer or Daugherty may demoralize and poison the administration of justice within the whole area of federal jurisdiction, and commit in the name of the law all kinds of mistakes and abuses. As soon as it becomes apparent that presidents are being betrayed into profoundly doubtful selections for such important and semi-independent offices, the Senate is surely justified in inquiring more carefully into the reputation and record of the nominee.

Finally the quarrel raises still another issue which is equally real and even more impalpable. The issue concerns the nature and the scope of the leadership which the President shall exercise over his party and through his party over the government of the country. In 1920 the Republican senatorial chiefs deliberately nominated for President a pliant man of their own group like Harding in order to break away from the Roosevelt-Wilson tradition of strong and positive presidential government. The experiment was not a success. Mr. Harding himself chafed under its limitations. His pliancy made him the tool of corrupt associates while it deprived him of the disposition and the ability to over-ride opposition in his party. The American nation is becoming so deeply divided on economic issues that the President must assume leadership if the policy of federal government is to obtain any direction and he must exercise his leadership through the agency of obligatory party loyalty. Mr. Coolidge understands this necessity. He realizes that unless he insists in one or two conspicuous cases on having his own way in the face of opposition within the party his leadership will become as ineffective and negligible as that of his predecessor.

This is one and probably the chief reason why he has so bellicosely accepted the challenge of his adversaries. From his point of view the success of his administration and the future ability of the Republican party to act as a disciplined agency of government are at stake. He sincerely believes in the desirability of ruling the country in the interest of big business, and in placing men associated with big business like Mellon and Warren in the most important offices. There is a minority which does not agree with him. The members of this minority will, if possible, defeat his policy. They have begun by refusing to confirm Warren and by carrying on an extremely annoying investigation of the operations of the Treasury Department. If they persist they may well prevent the Republican party from going to the country in 1928 with any record of achievement. The party is composed of many discordant ingredients which, had not our laws, political traditions and habits of mind discouraged independent political movements, would naturally have dissolved their present association and formed new alignments. If it is to function as a party, the many Republicans who are not in favor of government in the interest of big business must be licked into subordination and obedience. Mr. Coolidge is cracking his whip. It remains to be seen whether he can drive a balky team on a narrow road with trouble on both sides. He does not look well qualified for the job, but hitherto he has usually proved to be more capable than his friends or his enemies have expected.

Johns Hopkins Drops the College

PRESIDENT GOODNOW, of the Johns Hopkins University, has recently announced that he has decided to recommend the discontinuance of the freshman and sophomore classes. If this is done it will be a new and significant departure in American education. But its significance derives from the fact that the idea is quite familiar. The anomaly of the college in the university has for some time been a matter of general discussion among educators. It was the strain between the undergraduate college with its close social and, presumably, intellectual coherence and the university with its specialized and dispersive interests that caused the undoing of Woodrow Wilson as president of Princeton. The freshman dormitories at Harvard are the means by which President Lowell has sought to maintain the integrity of the college in the face of the university. At the University of Chicago the very divorce by which Doctor Goodnow is going to seek a solution of the mésalliance was under serious consideration during the last years of President Judson's administration and would probably have been put into effect there had Doctor Judson been a younger man.

The disparity between the college and the university is generic. Historically, it was inevitable and unavoidable. In its original tradition American higher education was exclusively collegiate. For two hundred years before the development of the first American university the purpose, method and content of collegiate study was everywhere much the same. Whether that purpose was vocational—to prepare ministers of the gospel—or broadly cultural has been debated with great vehemence of late by the critics and proponents of the modern pro-

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fessional schools, but it is nevertheless a wholly academic question. The fact of the matter is that the work of higher education centred in the classical languages and literatures with such an admixture of modern languages and literatures and such a smattering of mathematics, zoölogy and botany as seemed desirable for the proper balance of the cultivated mind. Christian apologetics has always been present in some form or other, but never formed the basis of the course. That has always been the lore which has been thought to make an educated man. In this form the college was a local invention to meet a local need.

To this system the university was added, at first by insensible degrees, as an import chiefly from Germany. In its first stages it appeared to be only a series of additions to the curriculum required by the advance of science. But the advance of science took place in two dimensions. Not only did new courses and departments require to be added to the college if American education was to keep abreast of world progress, but those departments called for the development of graduate research, an increasing emphasis upon the work of the post-graduate specialist, and so a slow shift of the centre of gravity from the undergraduate college to the collection of graduate schools. The most advanced work has come to be considered the most interesting and precious, so that the crown of the American educational system has come to be the university as a constellation of graduate departments. Meanwhile the college has lost in educational prestige what the university has gained. Conceived as an educational institution, the college has become a preparatory school to the university; conceived as an end in itself, it has become a finishing school from whose ancient traditions the educational import has gradually ebbed away.

Interestingly enough both conceptions prevail where the college has been gradually surrounded and absorbed by a university. From the point of view of the university, accordingly, the undergraduate department has been increasingly a nuisance. In one sense it has become the social branch and as such has insisted in carrying on the high old times, maintaining ancient rivalries and celebrating the traditional holidays and thus variously disturbing the peace of those who are doing the work. In the other sense it has become an elementary school adjunct to the university and therefore presenting the latter with a highly annoying pedagogical problem. Here are vast hordes of freshmen and sophomores all of whom are conceived by university authorities as candidates for advanced instruction later on who must first be put through the initiatory stages, crammed with the prerequisite elements and trimmed by a preparatory grind.

This is the situation which Doctor Goodnow has in mind when he says that "instruction in the first two college years in the United States has always been in essence what is now known as secondary rather than advanced instruction." Whether his statement is true of the original American college or not, it is certainly true of the university freshman and sophomore. The university's solution of the collegiate problem has been to treat the underclassman to the most rigorously preparatory discipline. His schedule is laid down for him in the lists of requirements dictated by the necessities of advanced instruction These requirements have been translated by the sheer numerical size of the elementary classes into the quiz section system: the huge classes conducted by uniform syllabi in duplicate squadrons to which the freshmen are assigned by the alphabet to be crammed and drilled by instructors to whom such work is the sweat-shop labor that must be endured for the sake of the possible promotion. The result is indeed secondary instruction, a travesty of the college no less than of the university.

Admitting, then, that the addition of the university to the college by simple historical arithmetic has been a failure, President Goodnow proposes to go into voluntary bankruptcy. The reorganization that is to follow is simple and, from the point of view of the university, highly effective. We are to forget that such a thing as a college ever existed. The first two years of university-college are to be cut off and dropped back into the preparatory school, and the university proper is to absorb the later two. This process has already become practically effective. The junior and senior years of the undergraduate course have not only gone increasingly into specialization leading directly to the post-graduate courses; in most universities the work of the senior year has come to blend so smoothly with that of the first year of graduate study in law, in medicine, in any one of the research departments, that the moment of "graduation" has become a wholly arbitrary matter of little practical importance to the student. The real transition is from the required courses of the early years to the specialized work of the upperclassman. Doctor Goodnow's suggestion is the simple recognition in form of the condition that exists in fact. The artificiality of the bachelor's degree is cured by dropping it altogether. The student is to be admitted to the university ready for real university work and is to continue until he has reached a real consummation of his studies in the doctoral or professional degree.

For simplicity and directness this proposal would be difficult to improve upon. We view the clarification which is bound to come of it with the greatest enthusiasm and with renewed admiration for the institution which is thus maintaining its initial promise as a leader in the development of the distinctively university tradition. If we nevertheless express some solicitude for the fate of the excised freshman that is not because we are disposed to cavil at the Hopkins plan. On the contrary, the greater one's enthusiasm for this venture the more certain one would wish to be that the discharged

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underclassmen will fare well. Clearly the whole scheme turns upon them. If their separation from the university results in nothing but the loss of those two years' work, then they will come up to the new matriculation point unprepared. And if they do, they will have to be prepared in the university, and the problem will have to be solved all over again.

What is to be done with the freshmen and sophomores? Doctor Goodnow has given only the hint that these are "preparatory" years. The suggestion of the word is that the junior college is to be conducted along the lines and perhaps under the auspices of the high schools and other preparatory establishments. Perhaps the Andovers will rise to meet the universities and the Amhersts fall to parallel the Andovers, both bridging the gap between public school and university. Such a solution has been strongly hinted by Dr. Abraham Flexner, who must be considered in some sense the sponsor of the Hopkins plan. Both in his little essay on A Modern College and in his recent volume on Medical Education Doctor Flexner has placed great emphasis on the difference between American and continental practice in these matters. Following the lead of his imagination we can see the junior college sending down roots into the public school system, the public schools sending up sap into junior colleges, and the whole growing into one organism more homogeneous than any now visible in America, an Americanized gymnasium.

Much can be said for this idea. Preparatory education has reached a degree of clarity, and, in the best schools, of competence, which our colleges have yet to attain. We should expect better things of the Lincoln School extended to include the junior college than of almost any existing college in its first two years. Yet this aspect of the plan seems to us to overlook two important matters: adolescence and intelligence. The attainment of maturity is not the only break in human life, nor is preparation for specialization the only end of education. The break of adolescence is most important and needs to be provided for in our educational organization. The social aspect of our present college life is one answer to that challenge, probably a bad one. Among other things, it probably comes too late. The four years of initiatory life in a self-governing community of youth, given over to a not inconsiderable extent to play, ought perhaps to come a year or two earlier than it does. Perhaps four years' residence at college beginning at fifteen or sixteen instead of seventeen or eighteen would solve the social problems of high school, college and university all at one stroke.

But more important than this is the necessity for setting apart one institution not for preparatory training nor for specialized achievement but for general intellectual maturing, for the untrammelled exercise of imaginations over the whole panorama of civilization, for the leisurely casting about of minds stimulated by growing enlightenment that ought to precede settling down into a professionalizing university. This is the most important and the most difficult moment in education. No one can say truthfully that our colleges have ever met its challenge with any great success. But that does not excuse us. This unattained ideal is not on the curriculum of the gymnasium. To approach it we shall have to set out consciously in its pursuit. Otherwise our reorganized education will be all efficiency and no intelligence, all accomplishment and no understanding, all facile mastery and no illuminating wisdom. Johns Hopkins holds out to us an exciting promise. But the realization of that promise depends not on the university, nor upon the efficient preparatory school, but upon the despised and rejected college.

The Poor Little Rich Railroads

BETWEEN election day and the middle of February the average price of prominent railroad stocks increased $20 per share. We read of the large earnings of certain roads, of economies made, of improved service. Due to slower business in 1924, gross operating income fell 5.9 percent under 1923, yet operating expenses were reduced still more, or 7.8 percent, raising net operating income by over $4,000,000. So much is emphasized for the benefit of investors and business men. It is said that the railroad managements, safeguarded from governmental meddling by a stand-pat election, have solved their problems. Changes in the Transportation Act are discouraged, a "free hand for business" is the slogan.

Yet there are shadows in the picture. Though net operating income increased, this improvement was purchased at the cost of heavier investment in necessary new plant and equipment, so that the percentage return on capital fell off from the previous year. The average return on all roads, moreover, was not high according to the standards set in the Transportation Act as interpreted by the Interstate Commerce Commission. Class 1 roads as a whole earned last year only 5 percent on their tentative valuation at the beginning of 1924, as against the "fair" rate of 5.75 percent specified by the Commission. They earned but 4.35 percent on their own book valuation. These figures compare with 5.13 percent and 4.49 percent in 1923. The merry race between more economical service and the additional investment necessary to produce it still goes on, with the investment a lap ahead. And in 1924 about twenty-three Class 1 roads failed to pay their fixed charges, while twenty had operating deficits, as against sixteen roads in 1923. This is the part of the picture which is turned to the light when someone asks for lower rates or higher wages.

Can it be that the railroads are both rich and poor at the same time? That is, of course, the case, and so long as it remains true it presents an unsolvable

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problem of finance to public regulation. Some roads, conservatively capitalized and well managed, or having advantageous positions, are profiting as richly as the least regulated private corporation. Others are just "getting by," while still others are hopelessly mired in losses. The rate structure and the wage structure have to be fixed on a broad scale; it is impossible to discriminate in favor of the weaker companies. In order to keep some necessary carriers in operation—even in poverty-stricken operation—we therefore have to give others triple or quadruple any reasonable "fair return" on their investment.

While advances in operating efficiency are being made, they are made to a greater extent by the stronger companies than by the weaker ones, thus increasing the margin between them. The reward of such gains in efficiency therefore goes not at all to the public, which ought to share in it, not to labor, which is partly responsible for it, and not even much to management, but almost wholly to capital, which does little to earn it except to obstruct the claims of other parties.

This fact is made plain by one policy now almost universally accepted by the private interests in control of the stronger roads. There is a concerted effort to bring the common stocks of the companies above par, to pay good dividends on them, and so to attain a position where new capital can be raised by stock issues rather than by bond issues. It is not clear what general advantage is to be gained by this policy in the case of a public utility whose earnings are supposed to be virtually guaranteed, but limited. Common shares are ordinarily issued to attract investors interested in speculation; on account of their supposedly greater risk they must promise a yield higher than that of bonds, in order to buy a given amount of capital. If the enterprise succeeds and builds up a huge surplus the speculation is good and the share-owner profits; if not, the loss is his rather the company's. But the railroads have now reached a point where they should not be regarded as speculative enterprises, and the law does not so regard them. Capital put into them should be moderately safe and not subject to much fluctuation in value. It should command a moderate and fixed return. If railroad stock issues appreciate in value and earn good dividends, that means that the enterprise—and the public which uses it—is paying more for the necessary capital than it would have done had bonds been issued instead. But if the shares do not rise in value and earn little or nothing, the investor is discouraged. Neither result is compatible with the purpose of utility regulation. If any road is in a position where it can offer indefinite appreciation of its stock, that shows that regulation is not working. And this is precisely the case, with the more favorably situated carriers.

How such a policy hinders efficiency is illustrated by a recent wage case on the Southern Railway. The executives of the road have, on the whole, a liberal labor policy. The shop crafts unions recently came to them with a request for moderately increased wages, based on the rates paid by other carriers, on the prosperity of the road, and on an offer to coöperate for better service. To turn down such a request was to injure morale, not only by generating individual dissatisfaction, but also by discouraging a newly awakened interest in efficient operation on the part of the workers as a whole. The request was, nevertheless, refused, and the reason for the refusal was, not inability to pay but the desire to increase profits so that the common stock could be brought above par. Thus was dramatized the fact that any gains made on this railroad are being allotted wholly to the speculative investor, and that labor can expect no share in them.

Those who framed the Transportation Act, of course, foresaw the evil possibilities inhering in the wide margins of earning power and capitalization among the various carriers. They provided two safeguards against undesirable results. Unless these safeguards can be operated the Act will become increasingly a failure. One was the provision for consolidation of systems in the public interest. If the stronger roads should absorb the weaker, the existing margins would to a large extent be cancelled. Rates might be lowered and still provide a "fair return" to each system. Gains in efficiency could be shared with labor and the public. The service of the weaker roads could be improved. The other safeguard was the recapture provision. Part of the earnings of those roads which made more than a fair return was to be taken by the government and used for necessary railroad services. Neither of these safeguards has yet begun to operate. Consolidations are slow; everyone is confused about the subject. And no excess earnings can be recaptured, for the reason that final valuations of most of the important roads have not been fixed and it is therefore impossible to say exactly what a "fair return" would be in any given case. Consolidation and valuation are now, therefore, the crucial railroad problems. Concerning them we shall have more to say before long.

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The American Public School*

THE public schools, and the colleges with them, are controlled in their being and practices, in the setting of their ideals and policies not merely by the automatic prevalence of the interests of the men of business. The power of these interests is notorious, but the ancient tradition of learning and instruction which so largely serves them also sets up against them a considerable resistance. This rises from the nature of the tradition itself, from the fact that its service to industrial power is to provide this power with a disguise in the form of the ideals which the tradition carries on. Having their origin in a pre-industrial state of culture, these ideals look back to a time when learning was either the monopoly of a religious caste and regarded as a vessel of salvation, or the decoration of a leisure class concerned in perpetuating its type.

Christianity, it must be remembered, depends for continuance upon verbal and visual instruction. Like the other religions, it differs from the arts and sciences in the fact that its essential theme or subject-matter is in no way part of the necessary manipulative stuffs of the daily life. Food, clothing, shelter, defense against disease and against enemies do not require this instruction for their existence as they require animal, vegetable and mineral objects. Religion, once forgotten, cannot be renewed as a science, as physics or mathematics or chemistry can, by manipulating afresh the natural materials of which the science is analysis and knowledge. Chemistry is always probable because chemicals are always actual. A theology, on the contrary, is only accidental and possible; it is an artifact; there is no stuff in the nature of things that necessarily implies it and whence it can be renewed.

Religions, therefore, particularly so complicated an artifact as Christianity, have to be formally taught, even to the masses. They require that alternatives to them shall be rigorously excluded from public consideration, that the doctrines of which they consist shall be accepted on authority and credited without doubt. These requirements, essential to the continuance of any especial revealed religion as an institute of thought and behavior, render it imperative that its custodians shall be the masters of the schools. So it was in the Christian world. All learning, in so far as it was not conversant with the technique of keeping life going from day to day in the round of chores for food, clothing, shelter and defense, that is, in so far as it was not for service but for salvation, was put automatically in the keeping of the clergy.

Throughout great portions of the communities of the world, it remains in their keeping. Everywhere, the initial direction and subsequent course of public education have been determined by the mediæval influence of these keepers. The great modification which that process of secularization which we call the Renaissance brought about in the significance of learning was to render it a proper adornment for ladies and gentlemen and to add the amenities of "the humanities" to the discipline of divinity which had prevailed in the schools. In Protestant countries it mitigated the church's monopoly of education by subjecting it, in form mainly, to state control. But also in Protestant countries the school remained for a very long time an ecclesiastical institution, designed to train the clergy in the arts of salvation. The new businesses of living, the variations and improvements in getting food and clothing and shelter and protection, were elaborated, perfected and taught in shop and counting-house and ware-room, not in school.

So it was in America also. The first objective of education was the training of men of God: their equipment was the goal which determined the whole course of instruction, from the grammar school to the college. The second objective was to train men of the state—lawyers, outstandingly, and gentlemen, to indoctrinate them with the doxies of the "humaner letters." This second objective began as subordinate to the first, but in the course of time rivalled and finally displaced it. Until very recently, the course of public education, the curricula and order of instruction in the schools were determined by this objective, dominant through tradition. By and large, they are still so determined. College entrance requirements fix the bulk of the courses of study in the secondary schools. It is these courses that absorb the larger proportion of the attention of the teachers and the energies of the negligible proportion of the pupils who enter college. The rest get through as they may. What subject matter they deal with, what disciplines they require have received only a grudging recognition from educators and have entered the curriculum not because the teaching mind was alert and flexible but because there was no resisting the coercive pressure of institutions and agencies outside the school system.

Of the institutions, industry has been the most powerful. The factory system brought into being conditions of life and labor which served first of all profoundly to change the position of women in the social economy. Beginning as an exploitation of their human energies as just so much cheap labor power, it carried on by pulling them almost quite out of their traditional status in the economy of the family—as the history of the textile industry in the United States repeatedly shows—and is ending by setting them not only on an economic but on a personal and social parity with men. The transfer of

*This article is one of the chapters from Dr. Kallen's forthcoming volume, Education, the Machine and the Worker, to be published by the New Republic in its series of Dollar Books.

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the major economic effort of the woman from the home to the factory served to dislocate the arrangement of the home and to create the need for some other agency to assume the responsibility for the child's day. This agency was at first the factory, and in many spots still remains so. But the horrors of child labor are too great, the ideology which justifies it is too incompatible with the realities of industrial society. Industrial child labor is a passing evil. The factory cannot serve as the custodian of the child and the purveyor of its occupation. The demand of labor, early in the nineteenth century, for free public education was conditioned by the unconscious recognition of this fact.

The great social consequence of the installation of the public school system was to transfer to the community functioning through the school the work of training that had formerly been done—however poorly and unknowingly—in home or shop or factory. That the kindergarten, domestic science, drawing, manual training, were added to the three R's of the tradition was due to the dislocation of the home by the factory. The sins of society toward the parents began to be paid for by the increasing obligations of society toward the children who were to be parents in their turn. More and more, as the industrial system presses upon the adult, the school takes care of the child, supplying on occasion medical inspection, food, guidance toward a craft or vocation and instruction in such parts of the modern technique of trade and industry as can be communicated in a school.

Indeed, so far as new subject-matter has made effective and definitive entrance into the school curriculum, it has done so under the pressure of the industrial interest. It is now this interest, not the church, which in the long run exercises control and authority over instruction; and immediately, at points where instruction immediately matters. And for the multitudes who must live by toil, instruction immediately matters when it facilitates the tasks and processes of making a living. Hence, among the pupils, preference falls on the themes of trade and industry while the teachers emphasize in socio-economic and historical subjects an orthodoxy as authoritarian as anything in the history of the church. Business requires, in the labor market, an abundant supply, a flood, of submissive mechanics, clerks, and technicians. Its representatives are constantly calling for changes in the school system that will create and sustain this flood. Such charges are not, at the present time, to the interest of organized labor; they come, nevertheless; they come slowly, and continue to fail in giving satisfaction to the business men of the community.

The industrialization of society has had another consequence from which flows a reënforcement of this variegation of the themes of public instruction. To the machine age "the little red schoolhouse" is a thing of the past. Even in the country, regard for economy and efficiency has led to the frequent concentration of many little schools into one large one. And size creates characteristic special problems. In the city, schoolhouses are nowadays held to be of moderate size when they house so few pupils as one thousand. Proportionally, classes that used to be made up of ten or a dozen pupils are now composed of fifty or sixty. Individual differences among pupils must, under such circumstances, of necessity be ignored. Initiative and intelligence among teachers must, under such circumstances, of necessity be discouraged. The pressure of child population on the school equipment is greater every year, and equipment notoriously lags behind need. Children must be rushed through the terms of schooling and graduated as quickly and smoothly as possible. Their education must be assembled and be ready to run them in jobs with the precision and certainty with which a Ford car is assembled. Consequently instruction must proceed on schedule; lessons must be standardized; subject matter and method must be as stereotyped and automatic as the matter and machinery of any other factory which turns out things to sell. The school system is a labor-factory. It turns out duly qualified and standardized labor power for the labor market.

The system's size and task, like the size and task of any other factory, require commensurate and properly-trained operatives. These are the administrative and the instructional staffs, the superintendents, assistant-superintendents, supervisors, principals and teachers, down to the novice out of normal school just enrolled on the books of the system. The more extensive the system, the surer it is to be managed by an established and entrenched administrative bureaucracy, with sustaining connections in the patronage arrangements of local political organizations. The more extensive the system, the surer are the automatisms and corruptions of its bureaucracy to vindicate the implicit ideals which the schools nourish by instilling in their pupils, and the overt institutional interests they feed by sending their pupils out to work for them.

Equally automatic and inevitable is the reaction of the size and standardization of the system on the character of the teachers as a social group. When free public education was just starting up in the United States, when mass production and standardization had not yet been dreamed of, teaching was regarded as a semi-amateur, semi-professional service, intermittent, but worthy of respect. It drew solid, intelligent and relatively well-educated Americans of both sexes, and its social status carried with it, on occasion, something of the dignity and distinction that it used to have and perhaps still has in the historic "public" schools of England. Men and women did not stay in the service long; but their stay carried no class-label, and the work they did had a freedom to meet the living exigencies of the school-room situation. Increase in the scope and extension of the public-school system has compelled a drawing upon progressively wider ranges of the

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community, with a progressively altered attitude toward the sex, the vocation and the status of teacher.

Today, the very large proportion of the graduates and students of the teacher-factories called normal schools are girls. Mostly the children of immigrants who are farmers or petty shopkeepers or industrial workers, they see in teaching a genteel vocation wherein they lift themselves to a social status above that of their parents. Themselves products of the public school system and the normal schools, their training reënforces their natural desire to be as good as those whom they have learned from the press, the movies, and the social atmosphere of the community to regard as their betters. This training precludes understanding of the vision and ideals of the labor organization to which belong their fathers, brothers or sisters. And their perfectly normal ambitions preclude sympathy with the causes that such organizations fight for.

Moreover, the bulk of the teachers are quite content, professionally, to take the easiest way. Standardization relieves them of the responsibility for initiative and the burden of thinking. If they can get by the requirements of the administrative bureaucracy, it is enough. In fact they show no spontaneous professional interest and no sense of professional integrity. And there is nothing in the system to induce either. Most of the teachers, when they start, in spite of the fact that they have had themselves trained directly for this occupation, do not look upon themselves as permanent members of the teaching-body. The record shows that their average length of service is four years for the women, seven for the men. To both sexes, but particularly to the women, teaching is an interlude between school and something else—a more remunerative profession to the men; marriage to the women. Only a negligible proportion of them—the number enrolled in the American Federation of Teachers (affiliated with the American Federation of Labor) does not exceed 7,000—take thought regarding their responsibility as a professional group or pay attention to the maintenance and improvement of professional standards in the art and conditions of teaching and of social standards in the integrity and freedom of teachers. So far as any variation or spontaneity enters the work of training teachers, it enters from the mixed fields of the departments of education in the colleges. Certain aspects of child-psychology, certain considerations of theme and method in teaching, have imparted illumination to the shades of the public schools. These, however, are mostly denounced as fads by the business-like leaders of the community who know exactly what they want of the schools. Progress in method and understanding comes almost exclusively through private experiment. Public teaching is standardized and rigid.

The social vision, the moral outlook, and the intellectual standards of the school system are thus the product of a complex of forces—traditional, economic and political, pedagogic and administrative, which set the child simply and directly in an atmosphere of acquiescence to the existing national establishment and an attitude of deference and obedience to whatever authority happens to be in force. Questions concerning the sanctions of such authority are taboo; the consequences of its rule on the national life are a priori good, regardless of what in fact they are. Atmosphere and attitude ease the pupil into becoming, without too much strain and wrenching, a cog in the industrial machine. They save him from taking thought. They enable government, both visible and invisible, to continue by consent, for they forestall and inhibit in the citizens of the land the technique of doubt and dissent which is the necessary condition of good government and the true inwardness of that eternal vigilance so notoriously the price of liberty. Because of this atmosphere and attitude, political parties may differ in name without differing in principle or program, the acquisitive passion evoked and animated by the natural riches of the American scene may have its will with the wealth and health and order of American communities; the successive movements of protest and reform from Jefferson's to the present day, being hardly more than utterances of emotion arising out of degradation and distress, may keep on being abortive and debilitating.

Free public education and private instruction purchasable at a price are both but the community's device to meet present needs by transmitting the past unchanged. They provide a grammar of assent, not a logic of inquiry. The mental posture they habituate the young in is not the posture of reflection. The mental posture they habituate the young in is the posture of conformity. They require belief, not investigation. They impose reverence for the past and idealization of the present. They envision the future as a perpetuation of the past, not as a new creation out of it. They are Main Street's most powerful instrument of self-reproduction without variation.

A new creation, through the uses of the school, would require an immersion of the child from the beginning in the immediate data of the social setting where it must live and move and have its being—whether the data be those of the domains of the political and social economy, the abstract sciences, the records and precedents of the tradition of arts and letters.* It would require the inculcation of the child with the habit of confronting all such data as primarily problems, of questioning them, and of eliciting from their structure and behavior whatever answers are necessary to enable the questioner successfully to adjust himself and to control the environment in question. Every ideal, every institu-

* Sporadic attempts at such a confrontation of growing children with the realities of their environment appear in the work of experimental schools, privately founded and maintained, like the Play School, and the Lincoln School. Their success is well known, but their influence on the system is nil.

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tion or public event makes by its mere being a claim to reverence and authority, a claim which is pushed and aggrandized by its adherents and beneficiaries. If education has established habits of such a sort that no claim can be acknowledged before it has made itself good, and none can be rejected until it has failed to make good, the function of education in a democratic community has been served; freedom has been safeguarded; education has been made a fair, free field for the competitive excellences of ideas, ideals, records, and programs.

But the question is debatable whether education can ever do these things; whether, in the United States, the organization which the social economy imposes on it does not by nature exclude them.

HORACE M. KALLEN.

America as International Investor

AT the opening of the century the international credit position of the United States was that of debtor nation. Hundreds of millions' worth of exports were required each year for interest and amortization on foreign investments in America. We were already a people rich in capital but the industrial opportunities of the country were so numerous that our own capital did not suffice for their exploitation. We drew in capital from all western Europe, mainly through the British market.

Gradually the stream of inflowing foreign capital abated, partly because of the superior appeal of other investments—increased borrowings by European governments preparing for war, colonial developments, economic movements in Latin America and the Far East—but mainly because the increasing volume of American savings approached adequacy to the national capital requirements. The War, with its insatiate demand for credits, put an abrupt end to American borrowings from Europe and evoked in turn a heavy flow of American capital abroad. By the end of the War the balance of international indebtedness stood $3,000,000,000 in America's favor, even if exception be made of the direct borrowings from our government by the Allied nations. We had gained the position of a creditor nation. And since the War we have proceeded steadily toward the consolidation of that position.

A recent compilation of the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company of New York gives an excellent summary of the progress of our foreign investments since the War. New capital loans offered in the United States, public and private, rose gradually from $256,000,000 in 1919 to $1,000,000,000 in 1924. The aggregate of loans—excluding refunding—was $3,284,000,000 for the six years 1919-1924. These figures do not include private loans and credits, of which the aggregate must be enormous. The Department of Commerce estimates the credits advanced to Germany from the adoption of the Dawes Plan until the end of the year at $100,000,000. We shall not be far wrong if we adopt the current financial estimate of $1,500,000,000 for the total capital export of 1924 and $5,000,000,000 for the six year period. Nor can we be on unsafe grounds in predicting that for at least the next five years our capital export will increase. By 1930 we shall probably be creditors to the extent of fifteen billions irrespective of the sums foreign governments owe directly to our own.

Of the total of foreign loans offered in the six years, 40 percent were for Europe, 30 percent for North America (mostly Canada) 23 percent for Latin America and 7 percent for the Far East. Government borrowings represented 69 percent of the total. If private credits were taken into account, the percentages of Europe and Canada would be materially increased. Probably half of our aggregate capital export in 1924 went to Europe, and half of this export to Europe took the form of private credits and investments. When we consider how seriously Europe, especially Germany, still suffers from dearth of liquid capital we may assume that these proportions will hold for a number of years. Whatever our political theorists may think about the advisability of "keeping out of Europe" our business is going deeper and deeper into Europe.

Business is going into Europe by the natural channels of trade. The private credits and loans are made chiefly for the financing of exports, raw materials and foodstuffs and to a less degree manufactured goods and machinery. We are lending to restore the European industrial machine. Our private loans and credits to Canada and the Far East have the same purpose. Only the Latin American loans serve mainly the purpose of developing transportation and extractive industries which may make available raw materials for our industrial use.

To the individual business man or investor this process of international investment presents no new problem. Krupp needed $10,000,000 of floating capital and was willing to pay 7 percent for a five year loan. The security looked perfectly good. Many American investors regarded the opportunity as an extremely favorable one. A German importing house found a market for $10,000,000 worth of cotton. Its credit was good; its customers of unquestioned solvency. What could be more natural than an extension of credit by a New York bank for financing the transaction?

The immense and swelling volume of these international investments does, however, present a new national problem. All these investments are earning

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interest and profits which will finally have to be transmitted to the United States. If part of the return is reinvested abroad, this only postpones the day when the actual transfer must be made and increases its magnitude. The individual investor may think he will be paid through the shipment of gold, but no significant part of the aggregate international payment can be made in this way. When our foreign investments reach fifteen billions, the annual return to be transmitted to America will hardly be less than $900,000,000, a sum more than twice the maximum probable world production of gold. We shall have to take our payment in goods or services.

How great a revolution in trade we shall have to undergo is clear from the fact that we shall have to replace our present excess of exports, averaging over $1,800,000,000 in the last five years, by an excess of imports—visible and invisible—of $900,000,000. Either we shall have to reduce our exports or increase our imports by huge figures.

American travellers abroad are estimated to spend half a billion and foreign-born residents transmit to their relations abroad perhaps a quarter of a billion annually. Possibly these items may increase to an aggregate of a billion. Our ships carry now about one-third of our imports and two-fifths of our exports; accordingly we must pay out a considerable sum net for freights. But with all due allowance for such invisible items in the international balance, and for a possible import of half the world production of gold, we shall still have an annual balance of at least a billion and a quarter to dispose of before we can bring home all the interest that will be due us in 1930.

Are there signs that our exports will be curtailed? They fell off greatly in the last three years—from an average of over seven billions in the first three years after the War to an average of under four billions. They are pretty sure to advance again if European industry recovers. Cotton, mineral oils, copper, foodstuffs—our principal items of export—are kept at a low level of consumption in Europe solely on account of the general poverty. Neither is there any reason for thinking our exporters of manufactures intend to stand still in the next half decade, in the face of a gradually improving world market.

Shall we then look to an increase in imports? We may remind ourselves that both our exports and our investments go mainly to industrial Europe, whence payment may be had directly only in the form of manufactured goods. Old mercantilistic habits of mind direct our attention to the possibilities of the three-cornered trade. We may send cotton to Germany and take our pay in coffee from Brazil, purchased in the first instance with German manufactures.

We shall never get far, however, toward an understanding of international trade if we persist in the juggling of artificial conceptions like the barter of raw materials against manufactures. The exchange of one kind of manufactured product against another, of one kind of raw material against another is just as prominent a fact in international trade and just as significant for prosperity. We import vast quantities of raw silk from Japan and export to Japan vast quantities of cotton. The welfare of the Japanese silk producers and of our cotton producers depends on this exchange of materials. It is a pure superstition that there is no gain to industrial nations except in the exchange of manufactures for materials.

We are plainly destined to take a largely increased volume of European manufactures, unless we intend to make a free gift to Europe of the sums we are investing with her. Industrial protectionists may attempt to fight against destiny, and by raising duties may make it more convenient for a time to reinvest interest abroad rather than bring it home in the form of manufactured goods. But this would mean a steadily increasing principal of foreign investments and a consequent increase in the pressure of funds for transmission to America.

We shall have to educate ourselves out of the notion that imported manufactures are injurious. This did no great harm so long as we were a debtor nation. As a creditor nation we can't afford it. If we were wise we should not delay long in smoothing out the road for European imports. It would be useful for our producers to learn that the American market is capacious enough to absorb a large volume of foreign goods, as well as our own production, at fair prices. Moreover, the freer admission of European manufactures would hold our investments abroad within more reasonable limits. Germany, for example, would not need to draw so heavily on credit to finance her purchases of material if her manufactures found a tolerably easy access to our markets.

This may not appear to be a desirable result to those who view with gratification the progress of America as a creditor nation. It is easy to carry conceptions derived from private relations over into the international field. In private relations the position of creditor is generally regarded as an enviable one. That, however, depends entirely on the safeguards he enjoys under the law. Where the law is unreliable one is far more comfortable with his wealth under his own roof than with it outstanding among potential repudiators.

Our foreign investments depend for their ultimate security on the personal honor of merchants and the public honor of governments, on international law, such as it is, and on the international influence of our government. That is enough, in time of peace. How far from enough it is in time of war was demonstrated by the fate of the pre-war investments of Germany.

It is better, in the present condition of the world, to keep most of our capital inside our own boundaries. If we become a creditor nation in any con-

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siderable measure, every international crisis will administer a shock to our financial system and becloud our general economic outlook. While the rest of the world is starved for capital, it is no doubt desirable that America should grant credit freely. But she should be prepared to readjust her commerce and take most of her capital home when European industry is again functioning energetically and creating the capital it requires.

There is a further and more powerful reason why it is desirable that America should not become permanently involved in extensive investments abroad. So long as such investments consist largely, as now, in reconstruction loans to fully developed nations, they do not entail disturbing political consequences. But the fully developed nations will sooner or later displace alien capital by their own. If we then persist in maintaining the rôle of creditor nation we shall be forced to shift our investments to the less developed parts of the world—Asia, Africa, tropical America—where economics and politics, national and international, are inextricably intertwined. We shall have plunged ourselves deep into the sink of economic imperialism. Powerful factions of our citizens will seek to employ our government as part of the machinery by which they advance and consolidate their fortunes. Other governments have succumbed to such forces and ours is not so organized as to be able to present great powers of resistance. We shrink from formal political entanglements with foreign nations, and wisely. An expanding system of permanent foreign investments will entangle us more surely, more hopelessly, than any League or Alliance.

The proper economic field for our labor, enterprise and investment is at home, within the boundaries of the United States. What lies beyond is not worth the price.

ALVIN JOHNSON.

Frank Moore Colby

1865-1925

BUT what have you told us about a man, I once heard an interrupter ask, when you have called him more masculine than the common run of males? Please define the word masculine. Well, the first speaker couldn't quite define masculine, he said, or anything else, but he believed he could convey some notion of his meaning. Masculine was, for example, what everybody would call Frank Colby. And this answer satisfied all its hearers except the man who had asked the question.

Both men and women admired the mass and nobleness of Colby's head. He was, I suppose, one of the handsomest men of his time. His was the face of a person having authority, to whom authority was distasteful, and who thought the idea that he himself possessed it altogether absurd. His laugh was not quite the organ-like sound his deep beautiful voice had led you to wait for, yet it made other men's laughter seem thin and underfed. I have heard people say his eyes were less masculine than the rest of him, an opinion I cannot share or even account for. There was, to be sure, now and then a questioning mockery in Colby's eyes, as if he were asking whether you caught his meaning, but the only uncertainty in them was uncertainty of his power to beat a retreat as soon as he'd like to. If you came upon him suddenly they would often begin to visualize some haven where he could be alone, or failing that could at least escape from your company. At such times his eyes were watchful, with a derisive suggestion that you had better not bring him to bay.

It was in a club we both belonged to that I had these opportunities of taking Colby by surprise. He had two ways of responding to attacks upon his solitude, and one could never foretell which way he would choose. Sometimes, looking up unresignedly from his reading, he would say quietly, in a tone to discourage anybody except James Boswell, "Well, so you've found me, have you?" Sometimes his manner was a friendly admission that we had luckily found each other, and he would consent quite readily to our lunching together, or to exchanging the club library for a room where we could talk.

His talk was as good as his writing in his three books of essays, Imaginary Obligations, Constrained Attitudes, The Margin of Hesitation.* It was good in the same way, as rich in humor, in wit, in satire and caricature. Colby's readers do not need to be reminded of his interest in the contrast between illusion and reality, but for which contrast the world would have had to get along without comedy. Among self-deceivers his attention preferred the more solemn and pretentious varieties, persons who frequent crises, who are always alarmed, always heavily hopeful, or always convinced that an ounce of their one-thing-needful will better the condition of a hemisphere. Like other pupils and masters in the school of common sense, he was fascinated by the exaggerations which bored him. Only in his use of figurative language, so abundant and vivid and exact, was his writing ahead of his talk. From his talk as from his writing one inferred that individuals interested him not so much by their uniqueness as by their conformity to comic type. "The kind of man" or "the kind of woman" turned up oftener than Mrs. Robinson or Brown: "The kind of man who, when you ask whether he has ever been in Chicago, will hesitate, reflect, and at last bring out, 'Yes—and no.' "

His caricatures of particular persons, whenever I heard him do them, were always life-like. We

* All three published by Dodd, Mead & Company. The first two are out of print.

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had in common an acquaintance named Smith, the good faith of whose treacheries seemed to charm Colby. I recall his picture of Smith being consulted as to the character of Jones. "Jones," Smith replied in Colby's truthful parody, "Oh, yes, I know Jones very well. I've known him for years, and beyond the fact that he's rather a liar, and that I have some reason to think him a thief, I know no harm of Jones. Besides, I shouldn't care to say anything against him, even if I knew anything, as he's always been a good friend of mine." People who went to see The Way of the World, at the Cherry Lane a few months ago, will remember that Congreve, too, was acquainted with Smith.

Where Colby's talk was least like his writing was in its wider range. He was readier to give wholehearted praise with his tongue than with his pen, praise of Juvenal, for example, after a summer spent in reading Latin, or of Plutarch when he thought we were overpraising Eminent Victorians, in general praise of something forgotten as compared with something contemporary. He has said, in The Margin of Hesitation, that "a 'new thinker,' when studied closely, is merely a man who does not know what other people have thought." Convictions like this were part of Colby's mental structure. From his talk I learned—what I should not have guessed from his books—that he had that "real sense of a kind thing" which Halifax says "is a Gift of Nature, and never was, nor can be acquired." Face to face Colby did not so carefully avoid speaking of himself and his own affairs, subjects he doesn't mention in his books, except jokingly. Unlike most of us, however, who make this or that a pretext for talking of ourselves, he made his own affairs a pretext for bringing out the oddities of human behavior. He once described to me a business disappointment which he had just had, and in which I thought he had been treated rather shabbily. My anger amused him. He found it excessive. His own attention, though he didn't pretend not to be disappointed, was all upon the comedy of the transaction.

Most of the men I've known who had anywhere near as acute a sense of the comic as Colby's have been extremely unwilling to be seen, by others or by themselves, in a ridiculous light. He was quite without this fear. Nor could I ever notice, when listening to his occasional representations of himself as a comic character, that any of these was what we now call, I hope only for the moment, a defense reaction. The Comic Spirit was what interested him, and the food it thrives on, wherever grown. He has left us, in Confessions of a Gallomaniac (The Margin of Hesitation), a sample of the comic use to which he could put his own adventures, this time as a learner of French in New York. After describing some of his earlier attempts Colby goes on:

> Then I fell in with M. Bernou, the commissioner, who was over here buying guns and whose English and my French were so much alike that we agreed to interchange them. We met daily for two weeks and walked for an hour in the park, each tearing at the other's language. Our conversations, as I look back on them, must have run about like this:
>
> "It calls to walk," said he, smiling brilliantly.
>
> "It is good morning," said I, "better than I had extended."
>
> "I was at you yestairday ze morning, but I did not find."
>
> "I was obliged to leap early," said I, "and I was busy standing up straight all around the forenoon."
>
> "The book I prayed you send, he came and I thank, but positively are you not deranged?"
>
> "Don't talk," said I. "Never talk again. It was really nothing anywhere. I had been very happy, I reassure."
>
> "Pardon, I glide, I glode. There was the hide of a banane. Did I crash you?"
>
> "I noticed no insults," I replied. "You merely gnawed my arm."
>
> Gestures and smiles of perfect understanding.

This essay—which as a whole is to Mark Twain on the German language what comedy is to farce—is a by-product of a passion for French which seized Colby about ten years ago, and became the ruling intellectual interest of his life. It was a magnificent and durable passion. It was a renewer of youth. Without it I suppose The Margin of Hesitation, published in 1921, would hardly have been so astonishingly fresh and lively. I cannot understand why more readers haven't yet realized that Colby's last book is not only one of the wittiest in the world, but also a book you cannot read without laughing aloud.

Colby amused himself by making believe that this passion for French was unsuccessful. Of course it was not. Americans brought up in France, a race which does not praise easily, tell me that he learned to speak French fluently and with a good accent. And even if his passion for the French language had done less for him it would still have done everything for his friends. It enabled us to explain his growing aversion to our society. He would have laughed if he could have heard our earlier attempts to explain this phenomenon. Here, we would modestly say, is a man to whom every house is open, who is eagerly welcomed everywhere, who has only to pick and choose, and who will have none of us. There is clearly a mystery somewhere. What a relief to find a key to it in the fact that he wanted to learn French, and that he couldn't learn French from us. But there remains after all, the older explanation. He had sampled our society and found that it bored him. I don't believe Colby saw anything mysterious in this, although no doubt we are free to treat it as a mystery, if we choose.

PHILIP LITTELL.

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THREE POEMS

by

VACHEL LINDSAY

These are the Young

(Dedicated to the Reverend Charles Pease, Minister of the Unitarian Society, Spokane, Washington.)

I.

"What new mob disturbs the days?
Who are these, with intrusive ways,
Who speak with an alien tongue?
Who are these Olympian-white
Butterflies of flame,
High upon Sun Mountain,
Invading now, every fountain,
Obeying their own captains
And to no man tame;
Whispering so low
We cannot hear at all,
Yet calling: 'Brother,' 'Sister'
Through the sun-mountain wall?
Who are these Olympian-white
Butterflies of flame,
Full of a holy grace?
Tell me their spiritual name."

(The Answer)

"This is a separate race,
Speaking an alien tongue
These are the young!"

II.

"Tell me of the Olympian-white
Aspen trees of flame,
And of the Olympian-white
Mariposa lilies,
Climbing great Sun Mountain,
Invading now, every fountain,
Tell me their spiritual name."

(The Answer)

"This is a chosen people,
This is a separate race
Speaking an alien tongue—
These are the young!"

III.

"Tell me of the Olympian-white
Basket-flowers of flame
The marching-plumes of flame,
Climbing great Sun Mountain,
Invading now, every fountain,
While our hearts grow greater
And our climbing songs are sung;
While the days grow later,
While the sun still lingers,
Or great storm-bells are rung,
And the lightning splits the hills,
And now, the falling fountain fills.
Tell me of these high-plumed tribes
Of Indian basket-flowers
That march up the Sun Mountain glacier,
Through the holy hours.
What is their spiritual name?"

(The Answer)

"This is a separate race,
Speaking an alien tongue—
These are the young!"

IV.

"Who are these boys and girls on horseback
Who go by next day,
The horses loaded for camping,
No guides to lead the way?
Girls Olympian-white
Or painted to the eyes,
Innocently wicked,
Innocently wise;
Innocently impudent,
Innocently gay—
Boys who are Young America,
Scholars, lean and white,
Or athletes red and gay,
Proud young man America,
Well on its way.
Girls most bewitching,
Boys most untamed,
Hotly praised and preached at; hotly, *very* hotly blamed.
Who are these? What is their aim?
What is now their game?
What is their spiritual name?
What, indeed, *is* their aim?"

(The Answer)

"This is a chosen people,
This is a separate race,
Speaking an alien tongue—
These are the darlings of my heart,
These are the young."

The Rhinoceros and the Butterfly

"Who shall find a valiant woman? far and from the uttermost coasts is the price of her."—*Proverbs, 31:10.*

Once a rhinoceros went quite wild
He mixed his metaphors all day long,
He was deeply in love with a butterfly child.

The rhinoceros said to the butterfly,
Filling the skies with his metaphor-song,
"You are like a sky-writing flying machine:
You write great stories in front of my eye,
You write new names for love in the air,
As you hurry by toward the wild rose bloom,
Drunk with honeysuckle perfume,
Wild with the thought of your silk-thread tomb.

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"You stormed your way from the death-bed room,
To the light, to the air, to the palm, to the moss.

"I like the way you are turning and burning,
The way you handspring and jump and toss,
Refusing to keep good time with your wings,
Though the nightingale (with the mudlark) sings.

"While you write great stories in front of my eye,
Write new names for desire as you please—
I will stand by this river ten thousand years
Reading the writing, taking my ease."

Nancy Hanks, Mother of Abraham Lincoln

"Out of the eater came forth meat; and out of the strong came forth sweetness."—*Judges, 14:14.*

A sweet girl graduate, lean as a fawn,
The very whimsy of time,
Read her class poem Commencement Day—
A trembling filigree rime.

The pansy that blooms on the window sill,
Blooms in exactly the proper place;
And she nodded just like a pansy there,
And her poem was all about bowers and showers,
Sugary streamlet and mossy rill,
All about daisies on dale and hill—
And she was the mother of Buffalo Bill.

Another girl, a cloud-drift sort,
Dreamlit, moonlit, marble-white,
Light-footed saint on the pilgrim shore,
The best since New England fairies began,
Was the mother of Barnum, the circus man.

A girl from Missouri, snippy and vain,
As frothy a miss as any you know,
A wren, a toy, a pink silk bow,
The belle of the choir, she drove insane
Missouri deacons and all the sleek,
Her utter tomfoolery made men weak,
Till they could not stand and they could not speak.
Oh, queen of fifteen and sixteen,
Missouri sweetened beneath her reign—
And she was the mother of bad Mark Twain.

Not always are lions born of lions,
Roosevelt sprang from a palace of lace;
On the other hand is the dizzy truth:
Not always is beauty born of beauty.
Some treasures wait in a hidden place.
All over the world were thousands of belles.
In far-off eighteen hundred and nine,
Girls of fifteen, girls of twenty,
Their mammas dressed them up a-plenty—
Each garter was bright, each stocking fine,
But for all their innocent devices,
Their cheeks of fruit and their eyes of wine,
And each voluptuous design,
And all soft glories that we trace
In Europe's palaces of lace,
A girl who slept in dust and sorrow
Nancy Hanks, in a lost log cabin,
Nancy Hanks had the loveliest face!

The Finale at the Follies

(Dress Rehearsal.)

IN the dusk of the darkened house, the Tiller girls link in a swinging line, practicing their steps and humming their refrain—their voices sound girlish and soft in the darkness alone. *Finale!* They troop to the back. The little waitresses in lavender come off—the lavender and pale green set folds away, as if with large leisure and ease. A New York voice: *You've got to get those stockings right!* Their garters are out of alignment. *There's nothing to the costume but the stockings!* A rustle of laughter. *Darn right!* A Spanish mission has been unfolded—behind, a backdrop of bright orange sandstone and bright purple cactus. A tall girl with a flopping sombrero mounts the pedestal and poses. *All right: let's go!* The Tenor takes the stage: *Although I stand here singing, A rope I should be swinging, But I've really got to get it off my chest!* The show-girls—white, green, white, white, black, orange; purple, green, orange, black, white, green. *You've got two white ones together! Put somebody between them. You go over on the end, Gladys. Now, begin again!* The Circassian slave, undressed for The Pearl of the East, soft-moulded in her faun-colored robe, pale hair smoothed close to her calm little head for the flooding yellow wig, moves softly down the darkened house toward a friend. The show-girls come in again: one is missing. *Who died!* She appears. *Now do that over.* In the wide space behind the back-drop, a great long-legged, loose-legged girl is throwing herself about like a colt: a man holds his gray hat for her: she kicks it, smiling, amiable, superb: he sketches. *Now, what's the matter with the light? Keep the light off the scenery!* The electrical lighting apparatus rushed to the wings with military urgency. *Look out!* the smart nasal voice of the liveliest girl in a small-town, *You'll get killed like that some day! I suppose you've come to make some more sketches. Yes? Well, you can't sketch them when they're leaping around like that!—I want to look before they leap.* She is gone. *I don't think she got that. Say, do they ever get anything?* The lights waver from warm orange to cold pink. *Say: the girls are all right! It's the lights!—I know it: I'm explaining to the girls about the lights!*

The ponies troop downstairs with the pink legs and arms of the South Seas. *Come on, dumbbell!* one reaches back for the other's hand. A toe-dancer sits rubbing her feet, strapping on her silk shoes. Another stands on one white leg, doubling the other straight up before her—she leans, hugging it, against the scenery, watching the show with young intent eyes. *You'll find it rough but gentle, Romantic, sentimental, Though I'm not a butter and egg man from the West! I would LIKE to corRAL*—The Tiller girls burst in, in a line—orange leggings and orange sombreros. *No: they don't come in yet.* The music stops: their voices sound girlish and foolish alone. *You don't come in on the beginning of the refrain: you come in on the second half of the refrain: He sings the verse and half the refrain. You come in on the second half of the refrain. Now, do it over!* The girl on the pedestal, bored, breaks her pose and tries a shimmy-step. The toe-dancer drops her upright leg and lifts the other to its place, nursing it as she watches. *No brains! no beauty! no personality! Can't sing—can't dance—can't act!—stand 'em on their heads and they're all alike—you know!—Who's pushing her?—I don't know—but she's got a built-in radio in her apart-*

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ment—so she says. You still here? Still sketching, eh? Say: the doorman has orders not to let any more synthetic men in—what I call synthetic men. I've got to go on again! So long! Will Rogers mounts the block, about which the Tiller girls are wheeling. *Say: he's going to whirl the lasso around the whole thing. Yeah: he's clever!* They crowd the wings. Behind them, the negro wardrobe woman waits, patient and with a shade of sullenness—knowing herself handsome in another kind, she bides blinking at all that white beauty—those open-eyed confident white girls in their paradise of bright dress: turquoise skirts and canary-yellow cloaks, pink bodies hung with dark green leaves, white flower-stalks blooming into hats of purple and orange—all excited by the costumes and the music, proud to have been picked out by Ziegfeld, happy to look like magazine covers—brown-eyed, clear-skinned, straight-backed, straight-browed.—A touch of the hand in flight: *Tomorrow at 11 o'clock?* The comic thin girl, a little strained: *How long has this been going on?* The curtains close. *No: listen here! The second time you close in—the second time! The curtains close: you're turning. They open: you're still turning. They close again: you close in and you stop! Now, go through it again from the beginning!*

The Tenor takes the stage: *Although I stand here singing, A rope I should be swinging, But I've really got to get it off my chest!* The long flower-like shapes of the show-girls, blooming in enormous sombreros: black, white, green, white, orange, white; purple, green, orange, black, white, green. *You'll find it rough but gentle, Romantic, sentimental, Though I'm not a butter and egg man from the West!* The showgirls droop away. *I would LIKE to corRAL, A very merry necessary little gal!* At the signal, the Tiller girls burst in: white with orange leggings and sombreros, white with purple leggings and sombreros. They make a swinging line: all together, with the strong urgent beats of their kicking they tell the strong urgent beats of the music. *I would LIKE to corRAL!* They crack whips, all at once. Will Rogers mounts the pedestal: the tall girl drops to a sitting pose, hugging one knee, hanging the other. The Tiller girls wheel about the pedestal, two circles flying against each other: he whirls his lariat down about them: he keeps it turning against the outer circle. *I would LIKE to corRAL!* The beat has mastered everything: it pounds fast in a crash of orange. Two minutes, in wheeling speed, mastered by the crashing beat, focussed in the green-gilt proscenium frame, they concentrate the pulse of the city. The brown-gilt curtains close: they are turning. They open: they are still turning. They close: they close in and stop. They close.

EDMUND WILSON.

Washington Notes

REVERBERATIONS of the rejection of Warren by the Senate still ring up and down the corridors of Politics, and will for a long time. The spectacular features of the battle, including the dramatic flop of the dashing Dawes, for awhile obscured the really significant and important lessons to be drawn from the vote on March 10.

In company with all the other sideline observers here, I have been going along on the assumption that, in the new Senate, which took hold on March 4, the administration would be from two to six votes stronger than in the last, and Mr. Coolidge would, therefore, in the next session of Congress, be in a position to put through his tax reduction bill, and other items of his program, regardless of any combination between Democrats and insurgents.

The very first vote taken in the new Senate shows how completely mistaken it is possible to be in these little matters. Not only did the Warren vote show Mr. Coolidge not to be in control of the new Senate, but it shows him apparently weaker than he was in the old one. It wasn't the insurgents and Democrats who rejected Warren. They did not have the votes without counting in recognized and accepted Republicans such as Borah, Johnson, McMaster and Norris. With them, however, when all Senators are present, there is obviously a majority ranging from one to three, which, under certain conditions and on certain questions can be classed as anti-administration.

The best-posted judgment here is that the Senate lineup against Mr. Warren last week will be the lineup in the next session whenever an issue or an appointment too reekingly reactionary is presented. It seems to me that vote forecasts a Senate alignment that, without leadership, combination or agreement, is apt to run together and hold steady whenever a man or a measure with administration backing is accompanied by too bad a smell. It isn't a bad situation.

The sending back to the Senate of the Warren nomination by Mr. Coolidge the day after its rejection, was due wholly to Mr. Warren himself. Let alone, Mr. Coolidge would have followed the advice of the hypocritically sorrowful senators, who went to the White House "the morning after" and shed crocodile tears over the Coolidge defeat, urging the President, however, not to think of committing the further folly of sending the Warren name back.

But when Warren arrived from Detroit, Mr. Coolidge had a change of heart. The nominee, I am told, when he reached the White House, was mad, moody and morose. He pointed out to the President that his senatorial friends had "lain down" on him, that they had significantly and singularly failed to answer the Democratic attacks of Reed and Walsh, that he was entitled to a hearing, to fight the thing out, to present his side, that he would not be satisfied until the last bell had been rung. His impetuosity, his determination, indignation and insistence pushed Mr. Coolidge all the way back from the place his senatorial friends had left him.

It will, of course, be a long while before the Capital stops laughing at the dashing Dawes, his afternoon snooze in the Willard, the wild taxi ride up the avenue, the trusty Secretary in the balcony of the Capitol, and the arrival of the Vice-President just in time to see the body cut down but too late to save the prisoner. It is extremely doubtful whether he will again be able to get himself taken seriously in political circles.

Last summer at the Cleveland Convention only one vote in the Michigan delegation was cast against Mr. Dawes for the vice-presidential nomination. That vote was cast by Charles Beecher Warren, who was then—in line with the Butler-Coolidge desire—supporting Mr. Hoover.

I am told by those who know Mr. Warren, that, to his dying day, he will believe that Mr. Dawes deliberately and purposely refrained from voting for him last week, as a means of retaliation for his failure to vote for Dawes in Cleveland. Of course, no one else will believe that, but Mr. Warren will.

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One of the interesting side lights on the Warren fight is the demand that comes from certain journalistic high priests of Republican reaction to "throw out" of the party the Republicans who voted against the Warren confirmation. Within the last few days, I have heard certain Republican leaders here elegantly refer to Borah, Norris, McMaster and Johnson as "half-breeds," and earnestly, but not openly, express the belief that the Republican party will never be wholly healthy until it gets rid of the "half-breeds," just as it got rid of the La Follette Progressives. It is an interesting idea, but nothing will come of it. It springs from the bitterness of a recent defeat and editorials appearing in the light and airy Curtis publications and elsewhere, along these lines, are undoubtedly inspired by a Senate source. It is only too obvious that the ousting of the Progressives has damaged the ousters considerably more than the ousted.

I must say that, little as I admire Senator Couzens, on the surface, the thing Mr. Mellon has tried to do to him seems to be one of the rawest and most indefensible efforts to sandbag, bulldoze, browbeat and bully a political opponent ever seen here or anywhere else. If anyone else but Mr. Mellon were responsible, and if Mr. Mellon were less buttressed, fortified, supported and screened by a newspaper protection utterly unprecedented in political history, there would be a very real explosion. There is no space here to argue the merits of the case but to me it does appear that the Treasury Department, in its claim of $10,000,000 against Senator Couzens for back taxes, has not, in equity, a leg to stand on, and I do not believe it has in law. It is impossible to escape the conclusion that this $10,000,000 claim was sprung on Mr. Couzens, just after his charges of maladministration and manipulation of the corporation tax by Mr. Mellon, in order to frighten him off from a further investigation exceedingly unpleasant to Mr. Mellon.

Among the numerous kind and interesting things said about the late Medill McCormick no one has mentioned the fact that he came into public life through the door of La Follette progressive activity. Up to 1912 McCormick had been chiefly the rich son of a rich newspaper proprietor. He had travelled abroad and played about in his own country but was without serious interests or any close attachments. He was eager for something to do, preferably something to do politically. In Illinois he did not seem able to make a start. He was handicapped by being a rich son of the Chicago Tribune. It was in Washington and as a messenger boy for the La Follette campaign that McCormick made his start politically. La Follette had announced his intention to run for the Presidency and had gathered about him an earnest group of progressive-minded people. After the campaign had got well started McCormick approached one of La Follette's friends and asked if he could not take some part. To this La Follette consented and Medill joined up. Later, when La Follette had a nervous breakdown and Roosevelt changed his mind and decided to get into the campaign McCormick jumped to the support of Roosevelt and thereafter was always an enthusiastic Rooseveltite. In the swing of the first campaign he was carried into the Illinois legislature which his clever wife and he used as a stepping stone to the Senate.

T. R. B.

Washington.

CORRESPONDENCE

Contempt of Court in Iowa

SIR: Some of your readers, who recall press comment about a year ago regarding a jail sentence and fine imposed on me for contempt of court, by a judge of the district court, at Des Moines, may be interested in the recent reversal of the case by a unanimous decision of the Iowa Supreme Court.

The following article was a newspaper editorial criticizing the style in which the judge's opinions were written. It said:

> Filled with puerile personalities and obiter dicta, his opinions present a strained effort at humor and sensationalism wholly unbecoming in a judge, who, of all men, should be the last to become intoxicated by the exuberance of his own verbosity. . . . With his conclusions I have no quarrel, for he is learned in the law and I am not.

At the contempt hearing the court denied a change of venue, and after listening at length to arguments by my counsel, drew a long typewritten opinion, previously prepared, from his pocket, finding me guilty and comparing newspaper editors in general with skunks, to the decided disadvantage of the former.

In reversing the case the higher court says:

> So long as published criticism does not impede the due administration of law, it were better that we maintain the guaranty of our constitution (freedom of speech and press) than undertake to compel respect, to punish libel by the summary process of attachment for contempt. Our courts have not been drawn into the vortex of constructive contempts as defined by the earlier common law, and we have construed many of such acts to have no tendency to obstruct administration of justice, but simply to wound the feelings or offend the personal dignity of the judge. The latitude of contempt which finds expression in the earlier decisions is not in harmony with the genius of our life or the spirit of our institutions. The primary purpose of a contempt proceeding is to vindicate the integrity and independence of the court. The judge is the judicial administrator, but it is not he who is aggrieved. His own personal feelings are not in the case. It is the court, not the individual. True, every published impeachment involves the personal as well as the official phase, but the criticism must impede the due administration of law. The power to punish for contempt is a trust imposed in the courts not to protect the individual judge, but the people whose laws they interpret and whose authority they exercise. It would be a perversion of the entire language used (in the statute) and a palpable violation of the spirit and policy of the profession to say that a judge could bring before him every editor, publisher or citizen who might in his office, in his home, in the streets away from the court, by printing, writing or speaking, comment upon decisions or question his integrity or capacity. It is not thus that an independent or intelligent court will attempt to secure public confidence . . . and the statutory limitation of this power rather than its enlargment tends to strengthen the judiciary and attach it to the affections and esteem of the people.

From all of which I gather that in Iowa, at least, editors may now comment on anything from a judge's literary style to his golfing stance without being subject to fine or imprisonment. Will you help pass the word along to Carl Magee of New Mexico?

AUSTIN HAINES.

Stillwater, Minn.

What Professor Tinker Cut

SIR: Mr. Lytton Strachey's statement that Professor Tinker in his Letters of James Boswell "does not show us all that he might" because he has mutilated the text of his author and therefore is guilty of "silly and barbarous prudery," would scarcely lead the unsuspecting reader who has not consulted the books in question to suppose that in two volumes of letters Professor Tinker has found, as he asserts in his preface, "only two or three phrases" unprintable. He would assume from Mr. Strachey's comment that not "two or three phrases" but pages of innocent scurrility and of references to the moral delinquencies of the hero had been omitted —which is far, far from the case. Mr. Strachey has been unjust or careless, and he has failed to use his accustomed good sense. When Professor Tinker wrote unprintable, he meant unprintable.

HENRY S. CANBY.

New York, N. Y.

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Standards, Not Safeguards

SIR: Your criticisms in the issue of March 11 of the resolutions on academic freedom passed by delegates at a conference called by the American Council on Education in Washington, D. C., on January 2, lead me, as one of the delegates representing the American Association of University Women, to supplement the information which was evidently before you when you wrote. I share your misgivings on pronouncements which, for example, declare that "No teacher may claim as his right the privilege of discussing in his class-room controversial topics outside of his own field of study." I think, however, you have emphasized the weak points and missed some constructive possibilities in the action of the conference.

The resolutions do not represent action by the American Council on Education. The Council called together a group of representatives of several organizations which had from time to time asked it to take up some phase of the tenure and status of professors in colleges and universities. The conference was for the purpose of finding out what they wanted the Council to do about it. The passing of resolutions embodying general pronouncements was not suggested in the call for the meeting. When they were presented the delegates of the American Association of University Women stated at once that the Association was committed to a plan for stimulating colleges to self-study of objective standards and procedure for determining promotion and tenure, and that its delegates, therefore, could not participate in this other method of approach represented in the passing of the resolutions. The statement which you quote from a forthcoming Bulletin of the American Association of University Professors and which also appeared in the minutes, that the resolutions were unanimous, should, therefore, be qualified by the fact that the delegates of the American Association of University Women did not participate. The vote as finally taken did not call for any action by the Council, but merely recommended the resolutions for adoption "by the several bodies represented at this conference and by American universities and colleges."

Far more hopeful was the second resolution passed by the conference, urging the American Council on Education to make a study of university practice in dealing with appointments and promotions and "in providing incentives for the development of members of their faculties." This action had been especially urged by the American Association of University Women who had already appointed a committee for a similar purpose following an experimental self-study initiated by the trustees of Smith College. The proponents of academic freedom have been too largely occupied with protests against dismissals. The only formula needed is "The truth shall make you free." But it has to be translated into policies and democratic procedure. Trustees, presidents and deans and college faculties all need to study and define for their own institutions the standards of scholarship and teaching ability which they desire. The institution which has once grasped the significance of the standards for promotion which it sets up and sees the necessity for the development of faculty government in the application of the standards is not likely to be tempted to dismiss a professor because of his opinions. Standards for promotion, not safeguards against dismissals, are the real battle-ground of academic freedom. The American Council on Education deserves encouragement in carrying out these recommendations of the Washington conference. Fortunately, by the terms of the resolutions on academic freedom, the Council is not called upon to take any action regarding them, and before the constituent bodies act it is to be hoped that a more fundamental procedure will be suggested to them. Your editorial is a contribution to that end.

MARY VAN KLEECK.

New York, N. Y.

The Egyptian Theory

SIR: In the review entitled Gypsy Anthropology your reviewer most completely misses the whole point and confuses the whole issue. He is quite correct in saying that the early English school of anthropologists was evolutionary in a thoroughgoing sense. He is also correct in saying that Frazer's Golden Bough was written from this point of view. He would have been correct had he said that Rivers's book on The Todas was also written from this standpoint. But the History of Melanesian Society which appeared something like seven years ago contains an explicit statement that the evolutionary method had been abandoned. The very title of the book indicates this if the explicit statement had not reinforced it. . . .

As to Mr. W. J. Perry, how even a busy reviewer can identify him with Frazer's evolutionary doctrine it is impossible to imagine. His whole point, which he insists upon from beginning to end, involves a complete and absolute and thoroughgoing repudiation of social evolution in any of its aspects. In fact, he is the most extreme opponent of evolutionism except Dr. Elliott Smith, whose disciple he has always been . . .

May I add a personal word on the point to which Dr. Ayres refers toward the end of his review as to whether Rivers was in agreement with Smith and Perry? In a personal conversation with Dr. Rivers a few months before his untimely death I was informed by him that the connection of Egyptian civilization with Melanesian and Polynesian culture was in his mind no longer a problem but an assured and proved conclusion. He may have been wrong in this, of course, but there is no doubt that his mind was quite at ease on the problem then.

ELLSWORTH FARIS.

The University of Chicago.

[The point which I sought to suggest in this review seems to have suffered such foreshortening by the necessity of brevity as to have become quite unintelligible even to readers familiar with the literature. In anthropology, the "evolutionary" theory holds that the transformation of the institutions of a given people comes about through an inward working of natural selection; the "diffusion" theory holds that the same changes are due to influences from outside, the diffusion of culture traits from one people to another. In its most excessive form, evolution seems to exclude outside influences almost entirely, relying upon a mysterious inner logic of survival to account for the development of civilization. As similar culture traits are to be found among widely separated peoples, the inference seems to be that this logic is absolute for all peoples. The significance of this inference, however, like the significance of the same logic in the field of zoölogy, turns on the unquestioned assumption of the superiority, the ultimacy in the world process, of European civilization, as of Homo Sapiens. In effect, therefore, extreme evolutionism turns out to be a pseudo-logic the function of which is to bolster human prejudice. My point is that extreme diffusionism, though it swings to an opposite logic, reaches the same elevation. If you are an archaeologist seeking to account for the appearance of a given specimen in a given mud-bank, it will no doubt make a good deal of difference whether you look for antecedent steps in an indigenous evolutionary process or for near-by cultures of which this trait might be a migrant. Probably you should do both. But if you are thinking of the growth of civilization, one line of argument gives about the same effect as the other. You can say that all peoples have evolved in our direction, and we have gone the farthest. Or you can say that all civilization came from Egypt, and most of it came into Europe—and into America, if you like. This is what I meant by remarking that the ultra-diffusionists seem to approach their opposite, the ultra-evolutionists, as a limit. However much Dr. Rivers may have flirted with his theology, his great works are certainly not chapters in the gospel Mr. Perry is crying in the wilderness of scientific scepticism!

C. E. A.]

Piecemeal Americanism

SIR: Yours seems to be the only magazine that has thoroughly sensed the danger of this new cycle of thinking into which the nation has recently precipitated itself—de-centralization. Your articles on it are well-rounded and ought to do good. The fact is, as John Morley said, we need federal, state and local action, according to circumstances. Local action in the ascendancy, and federal action banned is to go backward, for we have to remember today the truth of what General Smuts calls the cardinal fact of the twentieth century, the shrinkage of the globe, the annihilating of distances. In such a world to go back to local option, forty-eight different methods for treating a common, national evil like child labor is retrogression. Such de-centralization is the refuge of the benighted who see in local control more chances to be behind the times than in federal control.

But the ultra-conservatives have fanned up a strong and unsound de-centralization cycle of thinking, very lop-sided, and we shall get no more progress, no more federal amendments until people see the backwardness and selfishness of de-centralization.

It means that, for the sake of certain business interests, we become piecemeal Americans instead of all-Americans from sea to sea, giving a uniform treatment to certain common evils.

E. H. TILTON.

Summerville, S. C.

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Philosophy au Naturel

Experience and Nature; The Paul Carus Foundation Lectures, by John Dewey. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Company. $3.

FOR some hundreds of years now the compelling force in our intellectual life has been science. But the effect of that force has not been to make us scientists. While we have been eager enough to accept the gifts of science, the principal anxiety of most intellectual people even at the present time is to avoid the implications of that hospitality. To escape from the conclusions of science we even apply ourselves to studying it and quoting it against itself. That we should want to escape is probably due to the fact that as yet the world at large sees science not as an inward process, a habit of mind present in each man as an unconscious and unquestioned acquisition of childhood, but rather as a set of conclusions, of strange discoveries reported to us by travellers in the foreign land of laboratories and observatories. The earth turns round the sun. Man is descended from the ape. Light travels past a gravitational field in a curved line. We have received these pronouncements, not without misgivings. But generally speaking, we have not accustomed ourselves to the trains of thought of which these are the conclusions. If we had we should know that such statements are not conclusions but perversions. Our repugnance to a world view compounded of such elements is perfectly natural, and so is our desire to escape it.

For men of our habits of thought the escape has been comparatively easy. We have been in the custom of considering the ideal of true knowledge to be our knowledge of the existence and character of God. But there is nothing in science which approximates that ideal, or so most of us have thought. It does not take very much perspicacity to see that the conceptions which scientists labor with are stereotyped, and confused, and even conflicting. There is nothing final or perfect about them. Consequently they are not true, in our accustomed sense. Though they may be true enough to survey by, and manufacture by, they are not true enough to live by. So most men and most philosophers have said, thinking of science as a few discoveries and of living as the ancient and mysterious process carried forward by the grace of God.

Recently a few bolder thinkers have struck in another direction. They have been impressed by the apparent finality of the recent discoveries of science. Electrons seem somehow to be the ultimate subdivision of matter and yet to be definable as force. This is very mysterious. Here is a scientific "entity" that seems familiar: an omnipresent substance, and omnipotent force, an eternal energy. Introduce capital letters and these words define our ancient God. Even that relativity which sets the sciences askew appeals at once to our older habits as an Absolute Principle appropriate to Infinite Truth. Some philosophers by travelling in this direction, by going along with the scientist in order to have the last word when he reaches his Last Step, have thus arrived at our common goal and maintained our mediæval habits against the scientific temper.

But these arguments, despite the simplicity of their objectives, have been very ambiguous ones. During the period in which they have prevailed the study of philosophy has been very difficult. Necessarily, since men do not easily confess to themselves just what it is they are trying to accomplish, but insist on putting it in favorable language as a pure exercise of the intellect in the pursuit of perfect truth. This makes it difficult for simple and candid men to find their way about. No one has been able to be simple and candid because no one has cared to say, "I am afraid of science, and I am going to see what I can do to circumvent it." No such reluctance would be felt, of course, by a man who had got accustomed to science and was all for it and anxious only to get it straight and see what it all amounted to. Sooner or later such a man was bound to turn up, someone who would set about not juggling with the various "discoveries" but just thinking the way a scientist thinks but thinking of everything at once and what the meaning of all things is. In the hands of such a man philosophy might at once become tremendously simple. Indeed, it might be so simple that other men, playing the old game of hide-and-seek with Infinite Truth and scientific discoveries, would object strenuously that this new thing was not philosophy. Of course it would not be philosophy in their sense. It would be a new thing, philosophy au naturel.

John Dewey is the man who has done this. By some accident of genius he came to realize, away back in the eighteen-nineties, that to think in the modern manner meant thinking always of man as an animal species finding his way about by the unique methods of the central nervous system on an insignificant planet with a very bad and variable climate. Accordingly Professor Dewey began to think like that. In everything he wrote about the highest works of the human spirit he bore these assumptions in mind as the commonplace of a scientific thinker. When he published a series of essays, in 1903, giving his notion of what human thinking amounts to and how it works, he marched straight out in this direction. More than ten years later, after the men who followed his lead had done a great deal of talking about psychology as the science of "Behavior," he republished those essays with the remark that they were written upon the basis of "what has since come to be known as behaviorism." William James said that their implications were more far-reaching than anything he had written. He was right.

Even so, the Essays in Experimental Logic were necessarily incomplete. Moreover, they were unduly controversial. Their author was young at his new game and had neither the vigor nor the simplicity nor the reach he was to develop later on. His mature expression of the philosophy that accepts nature, written twenty years later, can not be so much of a surprise. Yet it is a far more exciting book, not only because it is the presentation of a whole philosophy whereas the early essays dealt only with a few central points in logic, but because as the whole of that philosophy develops it becomes clear, simple, and as inevitable as arithmetic.

Many people who have read Professor Dewey's other books may be surprised to hear me describe his work as simple. I have not said that it is easy reading. His work is hard to read for various reasons. One is that he is incurably episodic. Whatever the general plan of book or chapter or section, whatever the larger strategy may require, he never passes an enemy trench without mopping it up. Tactics always outdo strategy. One gets the impression that his mind can scarcely entertain a new noun or adverb without first turning it inside out and commenting upon its various short-comings. I suspect that he inserts passages in the galley proof from sheer love of de-

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veloping ideas. At all events the effect makes each chapter remarkably difficult to read straight through. But who ever said that reading a book straight through is the one valid test of worth in writing? Suppose another test be applied. Open a book at random, read what you find until you come to a natural break, and answer whether it was worth reading. Judged by such a test Dewey's writing is incomparably rich; taken in such doses it is actually exciting. Did you ever, as a sophomore perhaps, ponder over the inscrutable asininity of the book definitions of induction and deduction? In one paragraph, thrust—of all places—into the midst of a chapter about the significance of art, Dewey wipes the subject clean.

> Deduction as it actually occurs in science is *not* deduction as deduction should be according to a common definition. Deduction deals directly with meanings in their relations to each other, rather than with meanings directly referred to existence. But these meanings are what they are in themselves and are related to one another by means of acts of taking and manipulating—the art of discourse. [See, in the background of this logic, the human animal busy with his "art of discourse!"] . . . The *act* of knowing whether solicitous about inference or about demonstrations, is always inductive. There is only one mode of thinking, the inductive, when (the word) thinking denotes anything that actually happens. [To a human animal!] That there is another kind called deduction is another evidence of the prevalent tendency in philosophy to treat functions as antecedent operations, and to take essential meanings *of* existence as if they were a kind of Being. [That is, another case of stalking the tom-cats of logic as if they were the tigers of Infinite Truth!]

Who can resist exclaiming over such a gem, or complain at its interpolation?

Another reason for the difficulty of Professor Dewey's text is that he has a way of disposing of a major fallacy without naming it, of answering the challenge of a school of thought which nevertheless remains anonymous. The full appreciation of such a passage as this requires some familiarity with the writings of our Value Philosophers.

> Recent philosophy has witnessed the rise of a theory of value. Value as it usually figures in this discussion marks a desperate attempt to combine the obvious empirical fact that objects are qualified with good and bad, with philosophic deliverances which, in isolating man from nature, qualitative individualities from the world, render this fact anomalous. The philosopher erects a "realm of values" in which to place all the precious things which are extruded from natural existence because of isolations artificially introduced.

But no one needs to know Urban or Ehrenfels to see what they have done. They have invented a theory for finding a way out of difficulties which their theory created! This, says Dewey, is the common habit of philosophers.

Here, indeed, is the key to the simplicity of this philosophy—a simplicity not of style, but of ideas. As writing its pattern is complicated and irregular, as thinking, compact, symmetrical, and clear as a March morning; clear of the fogs that rise from the miasma of unconscious intellectual motives, and clear of the showers of unnecessary terminology that usually come down in a perpetual drizzle in the humid climate of metaphysics. Man is a species of animal that maintains himself by a complicated process of adjustment and control called thinking. The thinking of philosophers is only a part of the general process. It is therefore subject to interpretation in human terms as part of the struggle to adjust. When any intellectual problem is under consideration, any phase of our philosophy, the question is what we are trying to do as men, and why, and with what means, and with what success.

In carrying this analysis forward I venture to think that Professor Dewey has been materially assisted by two other trains of thought. One is associated with the name of Freud and places great emphasis on the prevalence in all human experience of motives that are either unconscious or half-deliberately misconceived or both. The other is associated with the name of Veblen and lays especial stress on motives that arise from invidious distinctions. At all events Professor Dewey has come somehow to think that most of the diseases our thinking has suffered from in the past have had their origin in an unconscious depreciation of certain types of ideas and elevation of others because quite apart from their being true or false some have seemed worthy and others unworthy. We have unconsciously deplored the precariousness of human life, its accidental character, its cosmic insignificance. By opposites, therefore, we have endeavored to convince ourselves that really, somehow, things are quite different. It is most interesting to see how we have done it. In our art we have observed certain abstract elements of form. Hence we have abstracted pure form as the pattern of reality, kicking away the prop of specific works of art as partial and unworthy embodiments of generic reality in the baser individuality of matter. Or we have taken the fact of being, or of change, as the supreme meaning of things, only partially on view in specific things, forgetting that we found out about it only by applying a general name to the specific things we know. In this fashion we have erected various systems of thought that have served, each in its way, to satisfy a craving that is not intellectual at all but emotional, the craving for certainty, for stability, for security against the buffets of fate. Like the little dog of the famous story, we have sustained those buffets more bravely by yelping, as we fall down stairs, "Error! Error! Error!"

And all the while, says Professor Dewey with the irresistible cogency of the plain man who sees what he can see, we have known no other reality than the common experience of man, and the world of nature as it lies about us. That is the matrix of all our thought. Even science is no exception. However elaborate the formulations of the physicist may be, they are always secondary to the ordinary experience of all ordinary men, because that is the universe in which even the physicist lives and moves and has his breakfast, and therefore that is the world in which physics and astronomy, geology and bacteriology, are all put to the test. However sure and certain the hypothesis of a scientist may be, one thing is surer, and that is that the life of man is more complex than any formula. The theory may serve its limited purposes passing well, grow old in honorable service and be superseded by a simpler and more rigid law. But the life of man remains, humdrum, hysterical, naïve, and inscrutable.

If the beauty of this philosophy is its simplicity, its strength is the strength of humility. By the simple dialectical principle of cutting through an argument and looking at the motives on its under side, Dewey's Razor the

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method should be called, he is able to show that all these oppositions by which philosophy has been baffled, the oppositions of mind and body, thought and things, reality and appearance, means and ends, are the artificial constructs of our own minds. We have involved ourselves in these inextricable tangles in our attempts not merely to understand the world but to understand it in terms satisfactory to our vanity. Have we then, in coming to the realization that all dogmatic metaphysics is an illusion, arrived at the Final Truth? Is Dewey right where all others have been wrong? That is neither his purpose nor his claim. His purpose is to attain whatever insights are possible to man in 1925. His claim is only that the game is worth playing.

> Thinking [he says] is preëminently an art; knowledge and propositions which are the products of thinking, are works of art, as much so as statuary and symphonies. Every successive stage of thinking is a conclusion in which the meaning of what has produced it is condensed; and it is no sooner stated than it is a light radiating to other things—unless it be a fog which obscures them. [And on the concluding page] Because intelligence is critical method applied to goods of belief, appreciation and conduct, so as to construct freer and more secure goods, turning assent and assertion into free communication of shareable meanings, turning feeling into ordered and liberal sense, turning reaction into response, it is the reasonable object of our deepest faith and loyalty, the stay and support of all reasonable hopes. To utter such a statement is not to indulge in romantic idealization. It is not to assert that intelligence will ever dominate the course of events; it is not even to imply that it will save from ruin and destruction. The issue is one of choice, and choice is always a question of alternatives. What the method of intelligence, throughout valuation, will accomplish, if once it be tried, is for the result of trial to determine. Since it is relative to the intersection in existence of hazard and rule of contingency and order, faith in a wholesale and final triumph is fantastic. But some procedure has to be tried; for life is itself a sequence of trials. Carelessness and routine, Olympian aloofness, secluded contemplation are themselves choices. To claim that intelligence is a better method than its alternatives, authority, imitation, caprice and ignorance, prejudice and passion, is hardly an excessive claim. These procedures have been tried and have worked their will. The result is not such as to make it clear that the method of intelligence, the use of science in criticizing and recreating the casual goods of nature into intentional and conclusive goods of art, the union of knowledge and values in production, is not worth trying. There may be those to whom it is treason to think of philosophy as the critical method of developing methods of criticism. But this conception of philosophy also waits to be tried, and the trial which shall approve or condemn lies in the eventual issue. The import of such knowledge as we have acquired and such experience as has been quickened by thought is to evoke and justify the trial.

That man is strongest who knows best his own weakness—and that philosophy. What doth it profit man to win the Infinite, and lose the actual? Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

C. E. Ayres.

Chekhov on Himself

Letters on the Short Story, the Drama and other Literary Topics, by Anton Chekhov. Selected and edited by Louis S. Friedland. New York: Minton, Balch and Company. $4.

"I AM finishing the dullest story. I wished to include some philosophy, and the result is rosin and vinegar. I have just been reading over what I wrote, and I feel a sense of discomfort and nausea; it's disgusting."

So Chekhov as he was working on a story called Lights. He frequently felt this discomfort. Probably, if he could read over these letters, he would once more feel great astonishment that anyone could think them worth printing, and nausea. "How silly! Did I really say that? What nonsense!" And nothing could persuade him that these letters, written so casually, so incidentally, make a very remarkable as well as an entertaining book, explain a great many of the reasons why he was an extraordinary writer, and offer, to other writers, some of the best advice they can find anywhere.

Others found it very difficult to convince Chekhov of the good qualities of his own stories. His profound dissatisfaction at the habit they had of always being duller on paper than they seemed while still in his mind, was incurable. Occasionally he was pleased, but the burden of the letters about his work is disappointment: "I wrote not without effort, and feel that much of it is nonsense. . . . It will be long-winded, I fear, and will contain foolish things. . . . It's awful. I'm exhausted, and I dragged the end, like a train of wagons on a muddy night in autumn, at a walking pace with halts." Yet how many of his stories ever betray the effort and exhaustion? Would one ever guess, from reading the worst of them, that their author felt he was "leading the life of a privileged vegetable which is constantly poisoned by the thought that it must write, eternally write"? or that the "aching feeling" that he was doing it for money made writing seem a "contemptible pursuit"?

He usually did not want to write, he often did not want to do anything at all: "If I had money to spend freely, then all the novels would fly to the wind." This note recurs again and again: "There is a sort of stagnation in my soul. I explain it by the stagnation in my personal life. I am not disappointed, I am not tired, I am not depressed, but simply, everything has suddenly become less interesting. . . . I believe I am mentally sound. It is true I have no special desire to live, but that is not, so far, disease. . . . For literature I have not enough passion, and therefore not enough talent." And yet he lived, and wrote as if other people were the most interesting things in the world, and his indifference somehow helped to steer his course, serving as much as any other quality of his mind, as a sort of wonderfully true and sensitive artistic rudder.

It was not all, of course, effort and dissatisfaction and stagnation. Chekhov tells us also that he writes "slowly, as gourmands eat snipe, with sentimental gusto, with slow deliberation and pensiveness," or that he is "writing with pleasure, finding enjoyment in the very process of writing, although that process is slow and plodding," or that he likes to "take pains and dawdle." "My story, a very queer one, will be in the February number . . . There are a great many characters in it; there is scenery too, there's a crescent

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moon, there's a bittern that cries far, far away: 'Boo-oo! Boo-oo!' like a cow shut up in a shed. There's everything in it." His own sense of failure was not shared by others, and he records the growth of his fame with astonishment and amusement. "Nevertheless, authorship has its good points. . . . I am beginning little by little to reap laurels: I am pointed out in refreshment rooms . . . Korsh caught sight of me in his theatre, and right off handed me a season ticket. . . . My colleagues the physicians sigh when they meet me, begin to talk of literature, and assure me they are tired of medicine, etc." Success grew and rolled in on him from without; inside himself, he continued to feel unsuccessful. He wrote, and the stories were published, praised and paid for, but they were not the stories he wanted to write. "I wrote mechanically, easily, caring nothing either about the reader or about myself . . . and I tried by all means not to lavish on the stories those images and pictures that were dear to me, and which, God knows why, I was treasuring and hiding away." "All that I have written so far is rubbish compared with what I should like to write and should write with rapture. . . . In my head there is a whole army of people asking to be let out. . . . I don't like being successful, the subjects which sit in my head are annoyed, jealous of what has already been written. . . . All that I write now displeases and bores me, but what sits in my head interests, excites and moves me. . . ." Gradually the shorter, more insignificant things began to give way to the beloved images in his head. His stories became better, and not so short—"The people whom I present are dear and congenial to me, and I want to be with them longer."

Those people of his—at the end they could not have been jealous. Most of them, one feels, were given their freedom, and fittingly endowed with life. How the army of them marches through one's head. First they are very small people indeed, appearing for a page or two in brief, farcical stories, the victims often of an author's practical joke, often cynically presented, sometimes brutally, yet peculiarly real. Slowly the coarseness, the farce, the cynicism fall away, the fluent, visible craftsman recedes, the artist begins to work, and the better he works, the less we see of him. In the best of the stories—the best are numbered by dozens—he is nowhere at all, and we search in vain for the hand that guides these creatures. But truly no one guides them, there is no one at their side to prompt them or interpret them to us, there is no one sitting in judgment just above them; they seem to think, speak, act, of their own will. The story unrolls, turns left or right, stops, grows gay or sad, moves forward again without you or me or the characters or the author knowing what is going to happen next. Sometimes Chekhov actually did not know himself, but always, if he knew, he kept it hidden. Here is the perfection of art that conceals art. Whatever may be the particular quality of one of his stories, humor, illusion, strangeness, beauty, the general quality that underlies them all, gives reality to them all, is that supreme gift of anonymity. Chekhov's stories were not written by him—he knew how to let them grow.

We can search forever for the secret of this particular genius. It was a gift, cultivated perhaps, but at bottom something that was born with him. He gives us many clues in the letters, but they are rationalizations of his instinct rather than the formulation of rules which he consciously applied to his own writing. When he says that "a description of nature should be brief and have a character of relevance" he is giving advice that is useless to anyone who does not have his own innate feeling for what is relevant and what is not. Ability to discern what was relevant was part of his character, part of his training as a doctor, and would have distinguished him had he never been anything but a doctor. An artist's choice of what is relevant to his subject is often determined, and also often warped, by the definiteness of his own miscellaneous beliefs. Chekhov was a natural non-believer. "I lost my faith years ago, and can only look with perplexity at any 'intellectual' who does believe." For one thing, no amount of success ever brought him to the point of thoroughly believing in himself. Not believing in himself, how could he be hospitable to the opinions that might want to lodge in that mistrusted self? Few men as intelligent and sensitive have allowed opinions to roost so seldom in their minds. Even his outburst that "the time has come for writers, especially those who are artists, to admit that in this world one cannot make anything out" he never elevates to the dignity of a belief. Even his conviction that "only fools and charlatans know and understand everything" is never so positive as to give the slightest color to his stories. Others saw "tendencies" in him, many thought him illiberal, and in Russia today he is considered "bourgeois," and sneered at. At a time when a political creed was expected of every Russian intellectual, Chekhov was unable and unwilling to subscribe to any: "I regard trade-marks and labels as a superstition. . . . I am not a liberal, not a conservative, not a believer in gradual progress, not a monk, not an indifferentist. I should like to be a free artist and nothing more." "Only those who are unconcerned are able to see things clearly, to be just and to work. . . . My business is merely to be talented, i. e., to be able to distinguish between important and unimportant statements, to be able to illuminate the characters and speak their language." He refused to apply moral as well as political tags. "To a chemist, nothing on earth is unclean. A writer must be as objective as a chemist." Friends who complained that his "attitude" toward the subject of his stories was not clear were rebuked as follows: "You abuse me for objectivity, calling it indifference to good and evil, lack of ideals and ideas, and so on. You would have me, when I describe horse thieves, say: 'Stealing horses is an evil.' But this has been known for ages without my saying so." "The artist should be, not the judge of his characters and their conversations, but only an unbiassed witness."

This venerable truism has of course been recognized and obeyed by hundreds of inferior creative writers before and after Chekhov. The refusal to pass moral judgment on their characters is part of the equipment of most competent novelists. But Chekhov carried his application of the rule, Judge not, beyond morality. He refused to pass *personal* judgment as well—a precious gift which often makes stories of imaginary people so much truer to human nature than biographies of real ones. He displayed no proprietory sense over his characters, he did not betray likes or dislikes for them—apparently because he did not feel likes or dislikes. In his best stories there is no trace of his own pity, contempt, partiality or enthusiasm for any of his characters. Of course they were written in the deepest understanding and sympathy, but that sympathy never whispers to us, "I am here."

He carried the rule even further, beyond morality, beyond personal preferences, beyond maintaining the rôle of an unbiassed witness. There have been other writer-wit-

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nesses as unbiassed as he, but this witness never took the stand. We see the events ourselves, the medium through which we see them is invisible, the witness is silent and nowhere to be found. "Subjectivity is a terrible thing," he wrote to his brother, who was also trying to write stories; "it is bad in this alone, that it reveals the author's hands and feet." In his own stories, there is no footprint or thumbmark of Chekhov. "Avoid depicting the hero's state of mind; you ought to try to make it clear from the hero's actions." And he was very sensitive to any other author's overshadowing his story. Of the characters in Gorky's Foma Gordyeev he said "They all speak not simply but intentionally; they all have some idea in the background; as though there is something they know they daren't utter, but in reality there is nothing they know, and *it is simply their façon de parler.*" Chekhov's own characters speak "simply," not through his will, but of themselves, with that absence of the accent of their creator's intention which is about the rarest quality in story or novel writing. Chekhov's rule, perfectly clear, but enormously difficult to follow, was "Give people people, and not yourself."

He is right. Here is the secret, if any exists, of story writing. It was one of the secrets of his own genius. Yet if we apply the test, Do they give us people, or themselves? to other great novelists, most of them would fail to pass it. They remain great novelists in spite of their giving us "themselves" so often. Tolstoy for example—whose prejudices and theories bob up disastrously like flies in the soup—is at his greatest only when the opinionated self is chained away out of sight and sound. But if Chekhov's rule, no matter how true, is awkward to apply to the past as criticism, it holds good for the future as advice. It is true, but not the whole truth. With Chekhov's self-effacement went something else far more valuable, impossible to reason about, impossible to teach to others. One may learn to withhold one's self without learning how to "give people people." Chekhov's magic is mysterious and incommunicable.

"To make a face from marble means to remove from the slab everything that is not face." Either one knows what is "face" or one doesn't. Chekhov knew.

ROBERT LITTELL.

The Momentum of Taylorism

Scientific Management Since Taylor, edited by Edward Eyre Hunt. New York: McGraw Hill Book Company. $3.

FREDERICK W. TAYLOR died in 1915, a discouraged man. After the flare of public interest in 1911 and 1912, his work had retreated to its more normal obscurity, while labor was mobilizing for a massed attack on the new and hated methodology. The outlook for making management a genuine science was dismal enough. Had he lived another three years he would have seen the curve of his technique take a dizzying rush upward, and scientific management the talk and the aim—though not always the practice—of war production. And he would have seen the knowledge roll over Europe, until even Moscow listened while Lenin declared in 1918—"We must introduce the study and teaching of the new Taylor System." The impetus gained in the War has never been lost. The technique goes marching on, and that extraordinary man, who discovered that the most efficient life of a cutting tool was twenty minutes, may rest easy in his grave. He is secure among the immortals.

Mr. Hunt has gathered together a series of papers dealing with the course of the onward march. They are impressive, but in the mass they give the feeling of a front cut deep with salients. Perhaps this is as it should be. But one wishes somehow that Mr. Hunt had taken the learned monographs, digested them in the juices of his own mind, and given us an account more compounded and unified.

To me it seems that two profoundly important developments have come out of Taylor's work from where he left it at his death: the standardization movement with its bearing on industrial waste; and a new and more intelligent approach in dealing with labor. Mr. Hoover contributes a brief review of the former; Part IV is more or less concerned with the latter, carrying contributions by Robert G. Valentine, Meyer Jacobstein, William R. Leiserson, E. A. Filene and others. But I miss the strong relief into which, it seems to me, these two developments should be thrown. Meanwhile the high-powered executive who has a really scientific—rather than the more common romantic—regard for his business, may be enormously edified by a series of brain-cracking articles on master budgets, what to do in a buyer's market, the development of cost accounting as an aid to scientific management, and executive control generally.

I wish there was more about standardization. Hating as I do standardization in habits of thought, in dress, in amusement, in literature, I see unlimited opportunities for reducing industrial waste in standardizing intermediary products and processes—screw threads, paper sizes, axes and nails, containers, house paint. . . . While before standardization of quality—shoes that would wear, scissors that would cut, fittings that would last—one stands as it were on the brink of Utopia. Imagine, if you can, a world where the goods that you bought were made to a tested and guaranteed standard, and the national advertiser could blah his head off without effect upon any intelligent purchaser! Perhaps—impious and blasphemous thought—in such a world there would be no need for the national advertiser at all. Standardization, says Mr. Whitney of the American Standards Committee—philosopher and artist as well as engineer—standardization intelligently applied provides a technique for a great release of the human spirit. It can get the humdrum work of the world done with a minimum effort and waste, leaving an increasing margin of time for creation, for investigation, or for dreaming in the sun. Those æsthetes who roll their eyes to heaven whenever Ford is mentioned, have failed—quite signally failed—to appraise their world.

Then there is labor. From the bitterest sort of opposition to Taylor and all his works, organized labor, where it is not indifferent, is experimenting with schemes of one kind and another involving production standards, joint management over certain industrial functions and processes, scientific routing and wage setting. The garment trades, the machinists, many miners and railroad workers have learned that there can be no increase in real wages until industrial waste is checked. . . .

Yes, this is a good book, a stimulating book, but with the highest respect to all the learned contributors, I wish Mr. Hunt had written it himself, and so appraised its wider social implications with a more compelling unity.

STUART CHASE.

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Satiric Romance

Orphan Island, by Rose Macaulay. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.

Trimblerigg, by Laurence Housman. New York: Albert and Charles Boni. $2.50.

THERE are two types of the satiric romance, exemplified respectively by Cervantes and Swift, one finding its starting point in personality, the other in society, but both in their success achieving the same goal. It is interesting to find both species revived almost simultaneously.

Since Potterism Miss Rose Macaulay has been tending, more and more, away from the novel of individual interest toward that of generic breadth. In Dangerous Ages the characters are types of four generations, and in Told by an Idiot, of four periods. Now in Orphan Island she adopts the classic utopian device, establishing by shipwreck on an unknown island in the year 1855, a group of orphans, male and female, under the guardianship of their preceptress, Miss Smith.

Long afterwards the confession of one of the sailors who deserted the marooned company is discovered, and his descendant, Mr. Thinkwell, a Cambridge don, with his two sons and his daughter, voyages forth in rescue. The Thinkwells find the island commonwealth, in 1924, a perfect replica of Victorian society. Miss Smith had married the ship's doctor, and had managed to get ten children before her husband was eaten by a shark. These and their descendants are the higher, and the orphans and their offspring the lower class.

"Why?" asks Charles Thinkwell. "How are they lower? When did they become lower?" "They have always been lower," replies Mr. Albert Edward Smith, premier of the island. "Then the upper classes are all Smiths." "Naturally, my dear young sir." The Thinkwells are surprised to find Miss Smith still alive at ninety-eight, living on her estate called Balmoral, often fuddled by fermented fruit juice although still a rigid Total Abstainer, the political head of the island and defender of the faith, at whose name every head shall bow. In fact, "Charles reflected that Miss Smith sounded very much like the late Queen Victoria as viewed by herself and her subjects about the time of the Diamond Jubilee."

One of Miss Macaulay's strokes of genius is to give the island library, consisting of rescued copies of The Book of Correct Conduct, Wuthering Heights and Bunyan's Holy War, which together sum up the serious preoccuptions of the Victorian age—etiquette, romance and religion. Another is the preservation of the accent along with the sentiment of that remote period. It is quite uncanny to hear Mrs. Albert Smith, portraying herself before the edified young Thinkwells: "I am a home-lover, you know, my dear. Travel is all very well for gentlemen; makes a nice change, don't it; but what do we women want with it? That's what your mamma has always said, Bertie. Women's business is in the home."

The success of the satiric romance is dependent to a large extent on the perfect functioning of the machinery. Miss Macaulay uses a standard vehicle, one of the oldest in the history of fiction. It is merely necessary for her to bring the Thinkwells with their brilliant contemporaneity to the islanders with their arrested development and the rest is a matter of detail.

Mr. Housman is more experimental. To put Mr. Lloyd George before us in all the false and vulgar claptrap of his life, he translates his hero's career into ecclesiastical terms. Trimblerigg begins as a True Believer, and later extends his pastorate into the larger coalition of the Free United Evangelicals. A promise to secure admission to the pastorate for women subjects him to considerable annoyance, until the War fulfills it for him. He becomes agent for foreign missions, and thus is enabled to launch successfully on the stock market the Native Industries Limited Co., which succeeds the bloody Puto-Congo Consolidated but which like its predecessor earns dividends in proportion to the mortality on its native estates. The public challenge as to whether he owned shares in the Puto-Congo is a reminiscence of Mr. Lloyd George's dealings in Marconi along with the highminded Sir Rufus Isaacs. When Mr. Trimblerigg's hypocrisy takes the inconvenient outward form of a halo, and he is mobbed by his indignant countrymen, we are reminded of Mr. Lloyd George's experience during the Boer War. Much of the detail is recognizable only through a closer acquaintance with Mr. Lloyd George's personal and domestic life than most readers will care to acquire, but the main outlines are clear enough. The World War is Trimblerigg's great opportunity. He has long ceased to be a True Believer and become a Relative Believer, and his relative truth and relative goodness are precisely the intellectual and moral beverages for a nation at war, as his apocalyptic pragmatism is the spiritual brandy and soda needed the morning after.

There are two other chief characters in the book; Trimblerigg's sister Davidina and God. As to the former we are puzzled. Was there ever such a decent person in the Lloyd George family, or is she altogether imagined—a foil to Trimblerigg's hypocrisy, or a symbol of a possible better self? About God there is no doubt—an ironic deity who tells the story with a wide reach of tolerant understanding and intimate grasp of detail. From Trimblerigg's personal uncleanliness, because he merely pretends his morning bath, to his murderous hypocrisy nothing escapes his God. He is the raisonneur of the piece. He is the authorized guide to Trimblerigg's labyrinthine conscience. "I can understand," says God, "people liking Mr. Trimblerigg; I can understand them disliking him; I can understand them finding him incalculable and many of his actions puzzling (I used to do so myself); but I do not understand why they should ever have been puzzled as to his main motive, since his main motive was always himself." It is true Trimblerigg's audacities occasionally put his creator on the defensive, but since He was cast for the great part in Paradise Lost, God has been good at explanation. He is like Mr. Trimblerigg in that respect. "Explaining always made him feel right again with his own conscience." In all ways God gives the cosmic character to the satire. To his all-seeing eye Trimblerigg remains a dirty, sneaking, vulgar, lying, sanctimonious little blackguard; but his success in the world is an indictment of society, with its union of religion and business, its imperial pretensions, its wars and its prayer. Especially its prayer, for, notes God, the more firmly man has held to faith in its answer, "the more surely and swiftly has he evolved and made for himself a life worth living, and for Me a spectacle worth contemplating."

The technical device of having God tell the story is one for which, so far as we know, Mr. Housman may claim entire credit. The satiric romance has been handled from

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various points of view, including that of the atom, the coin and the parasite, but never before has it achieved the dignity of divine authorship. This discovery is one of considerable importance to fiction. The divine point of view combines the advantages of telling the story by the omniscient author and staging it in the consciousness of a single character, as practiced by the late Mr. James. Altogether we solemnly congratulate Mr. Housman on a notable contribution to the resources of fiction.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

The Eternal Feminist

A Woman of Fifty, by Rheta Childe Dorr. New York: Funk and Wagnalls Company. $2.50.

Women and Leisure, by Lorine Pruette. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.

MRS. DORR has again written too readable a book. Her struggle her whole life long with the yellow dragon has told upon her. She is stamped a journalist. But if her autobiography is too facile, too ephemeral, too sweetly satisfying despite its tragedies and problems, it is at any rate another feather in the gallant cap of feminism. The resentment and moral indignation which whipped Mrs. Dorr into rebellion against her family and her husband and gave her nerve to brave hostile city editors month after month, scraping a bare living for herself and her child, the curiosity which sent her into factories and workshops to study women in industry, and abroad to meet feminist leaders in other countries, the philosophy of the sexes which these experiences built up in her—in these things lies the importance of the book. Through them it illustrates again the intense simple fire which burned in the early feminist rebels and gave them fanatic courage to fight their war on men. The spirit of the pioneer needs to be simple, and the feminists of Mrs. Dorr's generation were pioneers. The world is a man's world and that is the greatest of all human wrongs—their creed was simple, everything confirmed it, it remained only to dare.

But now the thing is not so simple. The formulas of pre-suffrage days served their purpose. Now they have lost their truth because some of their truth has been admitted. The old feminism is too puritan for the chaos of half-realized emancipation, and the dogma that all men are brutes is quite as archaic as the dogma that woman's place is in the home. The question of the right and wrong of equality has faded before the what and how. To this confusion Dr. Lorine Pruette applies herself with cool assurance in the modern manner, the impersonal, unprejudiced, as-scientific-as-possible approach. As the book opens a gust from the laboratory blows across the page.

Dr. Pruette lays out her problem with a compass and a ruler. She discovers in a chapter on activity that activity is a manifestation of life. In a chapter on division of labor she makes it clear that women's activities have been taken out of their own control by the industrial revolution. The question then remains, what are the activities left to women, why are they, and what should they be to be most socially valuable? The answers to these questions are the scientific contributions of Dr. Pruette's book, their chief claim to science being that they remain questions. An analysis of census figures first establishes the fact that "the proportion of males gainfully employed (in 1920) was 78.2 percent of all males ten years of age and over; the proportion of females *not* gainfully employed was 78.9 percent of all females ten years of age and over." Making deductions for the number of females at school or unable to work, approximately 57 percent are found to be working in the home or not working at all. Moreover, "married women constitute a larger proportion of all working women than all working women do of the total female population." The conclusion obviously is—waste. If a fifth of all working women are married, then all the women who are married but do not work must be only partially productive. Probably much of the so-called Woman Problem is nothing but the protest of minds not sufficiently occupied. Should married women work? Dr. Pruette thinks they should, and she even drops, by the way, a little parenthetical suggestion about pairing for half-time jobs. But how they should work is not her end of the question, and she pushes on to her next point. What is social pressure on the matter of women outside the home? To discover this she submits a questionnaire to 300 men of different ages, occupations, religions and I. Q.'s, and records a two-thirds majority in favor of the sentiment that woman's place is in the home, 27 percent admitting that she may have some choice in the matter. The intelligence of the liberal group, deduced from their occupations, appears to be slightly higher than that of the conservatives. The main conclusion seems to be that most don't want their wives to work.

The last question: What do women themselves feel about careers? To discover this a questionnaire was sent to 347 girls born in seven countries and twenty-four states, of every kind of parentage, age and degree of education. In a question of free choice between home and career the career wins two to one. When the choice is made more specific in questions II and III the ratio is reversed, while in the last question which calls for the narration of some familiar day dream, the career again advances to first place. In all the questions, as Dr. Pruette points out, the percentage of those desiring a career is much higher than the percentage of all women who are now actively engaged in gainful occupations, and the conclusion to be drawn is that such a disparity between fond dream and sad fate is raising crops of emotional crises in the bosoms of the young.

It is very hard to be fair to this book. Stripped of its interesting irrelevancies, surely it does not much more than guess by a special sort of observation what can be just as well guessed by general observation. Dr. Pruette admits herself it is not science. Yet it has the merit of applying a reasonable, humble method to a highly controversial subject. In a limited way it supports an opinion by facts, and it certainly contains a great many facts which are intensely interesting whether or not they can be conscientiously used for a blanket opinion. It makes the question clear. That is the merit of the book, and yet, of course, the question is not clear, for it is on too many planes, and too closely tangled up in the whole cumbrous arrangement of society. Perfect equality exists, and so does abject slavery; to combine career and home is possible, and it is also impossible; leisure is evil waste, but it is also the crown and blessing of life. And however far one's theoretical conclusions lead one, how is laggard practice to keep up without a whole new deal of social organization? Dr. Pruette's book is not like Mrs. Dorr's but both are a kind of journalism—both record important and ephemeral advances in a blind progress.

ELIZABETH VINCENT.

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* * *

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* * *

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* * *

Roger Burdlingame contributes a story, "Bachelors on Horseback," Isa Urquhart Glenn, "Tropical Heat and White Men," Edwin C. Dickenson, "Jonesy Gets His Swim."

* * *

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Wickham Steed

Through Thirty Years, by Henry Wickham Steed. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. $5.

COMPARED with the shifts and improvisations which have served America in the foreign field of politics and diplomacy, European preparation shows out as preparation indeed. Here is the instance of Wickham Steed. As a youth employed in London's "city," he spent his energies in attending scientific lectures, reporting speeches, and cultivating the society of writers on political and social questions. At twenty or so he decided to dedicate himself to the higher walks of journalism. Hence a year or two in Germany, busied with economics and sociology. Then three years of further study in France. Then back to Berlin as foreign correspondent of the Times. Then three years of similar work in Rome. Then ten more in Vienna—which brought him close to the opening of the Great War. As he says, his "experience and opportunities" have indeed been exceptional. Add to this a view of the journalist's career which made it a means of working out and applying a philosophy of life and of helping things forward, and the value of such a book as the present becomes conspicuous.

Sarajevo draws the line between the two volumes. Four hundred pages cover the twenty years given to the bad old order; and four hundred more deal with the Great Convulsion and the equivocal years that have followed. Mr. Steed saw Verdun and Gorizia, ranged between Washington and Constantinople, and was of course in attendance at the Peace Conference in Paris. He takes his own tempered view of the great figures who made up this body. Himself so well-informed as to be able to advise and instruct, he could regard the assembly (though it might be sitting ostensibly as a board of examiners) in the light of an elementary school; as such it was receiving instruction upon question after question of which it had either never heard or concerning which its notions were very hazy. Mr. Steed's sole conspicuous admiration seems to have been Colonel House, whose illness at the very time when the Conference was taking direction and gathering momentum he regards as unfortunate, and for whose abilities and composed fair-mindedness he developed a high appreciation: "I found his views very like my own."

These pages present an interesting variety of writing. Often we encounter that peristylistic, multicolumnar mode which is almost a specialty of the Times; such passages read like a promenade through the pillars of Persepolis or beneath the endless arches of Cordova—one seems headed for that pretentious and mysterious place which our own irreverent journalism sometimes calls "the Umplatz." Thus:

> By singular good fortune I am this evening in a position to rectify, on the strength of trustworthy information, the supposition wide-spread in the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy and abroad that, while the Emperor Francis Joseph favors peace, the Heir Presumptive, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, believes in and favors wars. [This is telegraphed in the hope that] it may tend to reassure those who drew pessimistic conclusions this morning from the announcement that the Heir Presumptive yesterday visited and spent a considerable time with Baron von Aehrenthal.

For the Daily Mail, the second Northcliffe paper, and "popular," another tone is employed:

> High Olympus labors without giving birth to the smallest mouse. The Olympians . . . seem not to understand each other; and even the ideas of President Wilson, by which they are hypothetically guided, are becoming less and less comprehensible to the vulgar herd who dwell in the plains below . . . The public in allied countries has lost contact with him and with them. It hoped for open diplomacy, for open covenants openly arrived at, and it sees nought save secrecy and a powerlessness to arrive at covenants secret or open.

When Mr. Steed puts the press and its public out of his mind he embraces a third style—the briskly descriptive, conversational, anecdotic. Thus, his employment of propaganda, on a Swiss train and in the character of an American from Minnesota, for the behoof of an Austrian diplomat. Thus, too, his rattling interview, just after the Armistice, with Ex-Empress Eugénie, whom he found, even in her ninety-third year, a "tempest incarnate." He was less successful with the "Black Pope," the general of the Jesuits. That, perhaps, was because he began (lapsing back into the lofty style of the Times) with a sort of set oration which was an endeavor to moralize the War and to make the Church see it and feel it as he himself saw and felt it. But Father Ledochowski could not overcome the bent communicated by education and confirmed by years of ecclesiastical administration. Perhaps, too, he was bemused by the big, rolling cloud of moralistic journalese. "I might as well have talked to him in Sanskrit," declares the interviewer. He was as much surprised by the inability of a churchman to take the ethical view as he was by Eugénie's disclosure that, after 1870, she had indulged in a semi-amicable correspondence with the old Emperor William. But why, after the last few years, should anything surprise?

As I have tried to imply, our author indulges in many diverting set-pieces to mitigate the rigors of matters political, military and diplomatic. One of these interludes considers the English mind as contrasted with the French and seeks to explain away the charge of hypocrisy so often brought by the continent against the English people. A similar defense has lately been made by other English writers; perhaps a new cliché is now about ready for its place in the economy of modern thought. Steed, in his earlier Parisian days, was himself a victim: his fellow-students called him "La Perfide"—short for "La Perfide Albion." Naturally, he wishes to determine why, and to have outsiders understand too. Most Frenchmen, he begins, regard proof by reasoning as a sufficient ground for action. In Englishmen, on the contrary, mere proof by reasoning seems to inspire distrust: they are likely to act only in obedience to some instinct "which may well be the inherited fruit of long experience." While the impulses of Frenchmen habitually find intellectual expression, with the result that there is usually a noticeable harmony between what they say and what they do, Englishmen very rarely define, even to themselves, the impulses that determine their conduct. There is a barrier between their thinking and their doing: the Englishman's "understanding" is usually wider than his conscious mind—"more a matter of the heart than of the head." Whence, perhaps, some of the hitches and surprises at Paris. Here, too, perhaps, ground for asking how far the Anglo-Saxon of the newer land may resemble him of the older—all with the thought of other conferences yet to come.

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To conclude, Mr. Steed's work forms a monument of first-hand knowledge and applied intelligence. It seems indispensable for all who would understand how the world approached the dreadful coil of 1914 and how it tried to extricate itself. In particular, it depicts vividly the woeful days of the old diplomatic régime—and gives us plenty of reminders that things have not changed so much, after all, as we may be disposed to assume. How Diplomats Make War—the words remain as full of warning as ever, a caution against unstudied entrance into the imbroglios of an older world where imbroglio seems to be the normal state. Steed shows us what the world has been, is, and seems not unlikely to remain. Ours to profit. Toward his close he hopes for a rapprochement between England and France, now more necessary than ever; but he advises both that America will be drawn toward Europe in proportion as the policies and the conduct of European nations may appeal to our idealism and offer some prospect of advantageous coöperation. Deserve us, he seems to tell them, and we may try again.

HENRY B. FULLER.

Old Song

Conflicts with Oblivion, by Wilbur Cortez Abbott. New Haven: Yale University Press. $4.

THIS is an intensely human book. It is a unique book, a fascinating, entertaining, instructive and, for the most part, excellently written book, but its outstanding quality is its human interest. The note is struck at the beginning in the gem of an Old Song—new however to the reviewer as it may be to most readers—that the author has used as a proem. From thence onward, through the pages dealing with the oddly assorted crew of characters who form the subjects of the eight essays, one finds oneself thinking less of the incidents of the lives narrated than of life itself, of its infinite variety, its strange vicissitudes, its irony and ultimate mystery.

The book is unique in that the essays are, as the author says, not so much biographical "in the ordinary sense as they are studies in the universal conflict with oblivion." As all men wish to achieve some sort of distinction among their fellows during life, so most desire to have some memory of themselves live after the gates of death have closed. Few there are content with the simple epitaph "he did his work and went his way." Yet none can tell which of us shall live on in the generations that follow, and of those who do, by freak of fortune, what strange alterations shall take place in their fame. Of the innumerable hosts of human beings that have been in existence, lived their brief hour of striving, passion, despair or happiness, what remains? A scattered handful only survive, like the leaves of the carboniferous forests of which here and there one in falling encountered special conditions and lives on as a fossil in the hills or in some museum. These latter, however, like the forms on the Grecian urn of Keats, having achieved their immortality remain unchanged forever. But the memories of such men as have likewise been spared from oblivion are not imbedded in unchanging stone but in the stream of human life itself, and alter strangely as that stream itself shifts from century to century. This, then, is the theme of this book—not merely the time-worn dirge over the transitoriness of human life and fame, but a study of how reputation is achieved and of that "chief ad-

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venture" of men which in truth but just begins when they quit the stage.

The eight persons whose lives are strung on this thread of thought illustrate a wide range of activity and interest—Pepys, Disraeli, Sir William Monson, Colonel Thomas Blood, Cromwell, Sir John Wentworth, the Venerable Bede, and the far from venerable Colonel John Scott of Long Island. Their characters and the hazard of their earthly fortunes should suffice to satisfy the most catholic taste in adventures in living. The essays, written at divers times and for different audiences, vary both in style and importance. The first and last are wholly admirable from every point of view. The story of the changing fortunes of Pepys's immortality, for so may we now speak of his fame, is a most excellent example of conflict with oblivion, as is also the account of the odd chances by which the name of that by no means conspicuous rascal Scott has been perpetuated in various and unexpected turns. The essay dealing with that intriguing rogue and his adventures, living and posthumous, in three continents, is the longest in the book and was originally published separately in what has now become a scarce little volume. Watching Scott missing success many times by a hair's breadth, the reader is kept in suspense lest the hero fail him by becoming great and respectable. The catastrophe is averted and the "fame" grows. Both these essays admirably combine vivid personalities with vicissitudes of posthumous reputation.

Professor Abbott has indeed well answered his question as to "what happens to the memory of a great man when he dies," and if some of the men whose lives are here retold can hardly be called great, that fact in itself but adds emphasis to the study. Many of the "great" whom Colonel Scott sought to reach, up front stairs and back, have passed into oblivion whereas that failure himself, after flitting in and out of jail during his life has at last flitted into one of the best biographical essays written in America, and achieved a certain share of lasting recognition.

The book should make a wide appeal to all who are interested in the motley pageant of life. In the essays which one feels that the author himself wrote with the greatest relish, the style is racy and, although there is occasional straining after the witty phrase, the reader's entertainment is unquestionable. One is amused, beguiled, and set to deep musing. A book that does that is an unusual book and one that is well worth singling out for winters' evenings by the judicious.

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS.

Contributors

HORACE M. KALLEN is a professor in the New School for Social Research. He was former editor of The Advance, the official organ of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America. His most recent book is Culture and Democracy in the United States.

VACHEL LINSDAY is the author of Congo and Other Poems, The Golden Whales of California, and many other volumes of verse. A new edition of his Collected Poems, illustrated by himself, will be published by Macmillan this month.

STUART CHASE is a member of the Labor Bureau, Incorporated, a frequent contributor to magazines and a particular student of industrial waste.

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS is the author of the Founding of New England, which won the Pulitzer Prize for 1922, and Revolutionary New England, 1691—1776. He is a contributor to the Atlantic Monthly and other journals.

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EDUCATION THE MACHINE AND THE WORKER

by H. M. Kallen, Ph. D.

Professor in The New School for Social Research

INDUSTRIAL society is notoriously under indictment. The counts against it are many and varied and are as old as the machine itself. William Morris and Abraham Lincoln, Sidney Webb and Rabindranath Tagore, Charles Kingsley and Charles Steinmetz, John Dewey and Francis Place, Bertrand Russell and Anatole France—these are but a few of the great company which have brought accusations against the automatic machine and what a century and a half of its use and growth have done to the life of man.

There is one institution of industrial society, however, that has pretty generally escaped condemnation. The sachems and sages of the machine age point with pride to our free public education; its rebels and prophets view it with hope. Whatever may be the production of the other agencies of a community which lives by machinery, the production of education is salvation. Have faith in education! Education saves! Education saves from present evil; education saves for future good!

A disquieting note has recently interrupted this paen of universal praise. We hear a great deal today about Labor education. Workers' colleges have sprung up all over the country. For the first time a class in the American community is striving to make its own contribution to the educational process. What does this mean? Why does labor feel that it must look to itself for educational guidance?

IT means that labor is disillusioned with education as a panacea for all social ills. Of the twenty-six million children attending schools and colleges in this country the great majority leave between the ages of thirteen and fifteen. Of those that enter only ten to twelve percent finish high school; slightly more than two percent get to college. The children of the workers leave school early to go into the factory. Only the children of the more favored classes go on to high school and college. Free public education in America has thus become the servant of the well-to-do who control it in the interest of the established order.

Workers education is an attempt to safeguard the free institutions of the country through its own educational institutions and programs. Its efforts have so far gone unrealized because its educational ideas have been patterned on the free public school, an educational process entirely unrelated to the realities of industrial society.

In *Education, the Machine and the Worker,* Dr. Horace M. Kallen, former Editor of *The Advance,* official organ of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers' Union, has written a profound and suggestive book which should afford the basis for a new technique of education for labor. The book is not a tirade against the Machine Age. Dr. Kallen accepts the machine as an essential part of modern society and suggests an educational program which integrates the workers' energies and interests in the direction of mastery and control rather than escape from the machine.

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